

The Sketch

No. 868.—Vol. LXVII.

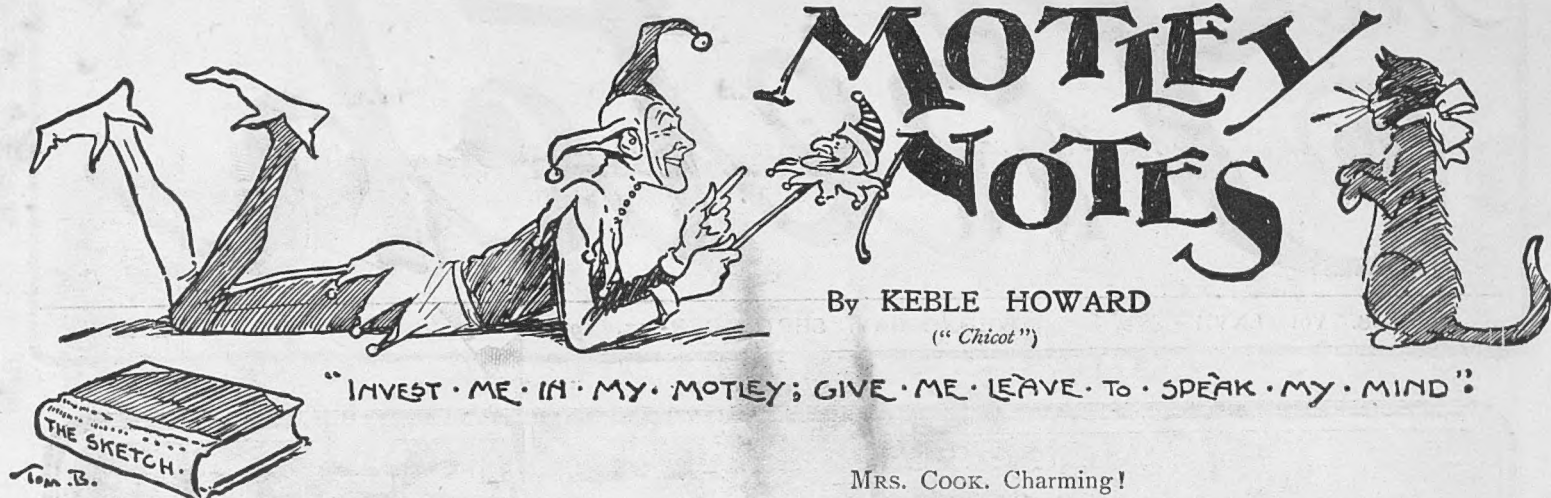
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



A POSSIBLE AMATEUR CHAMPION OF THE FUTURE: MISS LEITCH, THE 18-YEAR-OLD GOLFER WHO HAS BEATEN THE MALE AMATEUR RECORD AT SILLOTH.

Miss Leitch's extraordinary score at Silloth, when she beat the amateur record of the course (74) with a wonderful round of 72, must impress every golfer with the change that has taken place in ladies' play of late years. No longer are they to be treated as in an altogether inferior class to the invincible male. Renouf, a really brilliant player, holds the professional record with a 66 round—only six strokes better than Miss Leitch's score, and this after unlimited opportunities. It will easily be recognised that Miss Leitch compares favourably with the best of our men players. As there seems to be no actual rule against ladies playing for the amateur championship, though as yet none has dared to do so, we may yet see Miss Leitch occupying that coveted position.—[Photograph by M. Dixon and Co.]



AN ARCTIC CONVERSATION.

[Mrs. Peary has been summering in Maine, and, curiously enough, not very far from the place where Mrs. Cook has been staying. The ladies know each other, but, it is stated, only very slightly.—DAILY PAPER.]

SCENE: A RAILWAY-CARRIAGE. TIME (LIKE THE CONVERSATION) ENTIRELY IMAGINARY.

MRS. PEARY (*bows stiffly*).

MRS. COOK (*staring through her lorgnette*). Dear me! Mrs. Peary, is it not?

MRS. PEARY. How do you do? You are Mrs. Cook, I believe?

MRS. COOK. Yes, that is my name. How very clever of you to remember it.

MRS. PEARY. Not at all. (*A pause.*) You are quite well, I hope, Mrs. Cook?

MRS. COOK. Quite, I thank you, Mrs. Peary. And you?

MRS. PEARY. Never better, I thank you. And—er—your husband?

MRS. COOK. He writes me that he is in splendid health.

MRS. PEARY. How fortunate, is it not?

MRS. COOK. Naturally.

MRS. PEARY. I mean—one has heard that he is very delicate.

MRS. COOK. On the contrary, Mrs. Peary, the Doctor is as strong as a lion. Otherwise, you may be sure that I should never have allowed him to undertake so arduous a journey.

MRS. PEARY. You interest me, my dear Mrs. Cook. Has your husband been away from home?

MRS. COOK. Oddly enough, Mrs. Peary, he has been as far as the North Pole.

MRS. PEARY. Fancy! I had not heard of it.

MRS. COOK. No? That is the worst of parental neglect in early youth, is it not?

MRS. PEARY. Parental neglect? You mean, doubtless, parental care.

MRS. COOK. By all means, dear Mrs. Peary, put it in that way if you wish. And yet, in these days, it would seem a little narrow-minded to refuse one's child such small education as would be necessary to enable her to read the newspapers. But then, of course, your parents, dear Mrs. Peary, would have been very old-fashioned.

MRS. PEARY. On the contrary, they are almost absurdly up to date.

MRS. COOK. You speak of them as though they were still living?

MRS. PEARY. I do, and for the best of reasons.

MRS. COOK. Marvellous!

MRS. PEARY. Is it not? But tell me something more of your husband's funny journey. You did not accompany him, I presume?

MRS. COOK. No. The Doctor prefers to travel alone.

MRS. PEARY. Ah, one can easily understand that.

MRS. COOK. I mean, of course, when he is employed on a scientific discovery.

MRS. PEARY. Precisely. (*A pause.*)

MRS. COOK. And your dear man. What of him?

MRS. PEARY. The Commander?

MRS. COOK. No, dear. Mr. Peary.

MRS. PEARY. The same. We call him the Commander because he is entitled to the distinction. He did not buy it, I assure you.

MRS. COOK. I am so glad to hear that. People will talk, will they not?

MRS. PEARY. Yes, especially in railway-carriages.

MRS. COOK. I am not boring you, I trust?

MRS. PEARY. Not in the least. I was about to tell you that my husband has actually been to the North Pole.

MRS. COOK. Charming!

MRS. PEARY. Very generous of you to say so.

MRS. COOK. But so it is! The Doctor will be the first to appreciate such sincere flattery!

MRS. PEARY. Since when, dear Mrs. Cook, has anticipation been the sincerest form of flattery?

MRS. COOK. You misunderstand me, dear Mrs. Peary. I was alluding to the famous proverb with regard to imitation. Really, your parents must have been very strict on the subject of your education.

MRS. PEARY. Shall we, perhaps, leave my parents out of the discussion?

MRS. COOK. By all means, dear. The subject must be very painful to you.

MRS. PEARY. Sacred, I think, is the word you want. (*A pause.*) I wonder what dear Mr. Taft will do with the North Pole?

MRS. COOK. I hope I am not betraying a precious secret, but I fancy that Mr. Taft will probably have to do without it. The Doctor, you see, has made a present of it to the King of Denmark.

MRS. PEARY. How very unfortunate!

MRS. COOK. I sympathise with Taft, believe me.

MRS. PEARY. I meant, unfortunate for the Doctor. Because, of course, poor fellow, it was not his to give. So awkward!

MRS. COOK. Strictly speaking, perhaps, it was not. And yet, you know, he would have a decided claim on it.

MRS. PEARY (*meaningly*). He would.

MRS. COOK. So glad you admit that.

MRS. PEARY. It must be a change.

MRS. COOK. It is indeed. (*Thoughtfully*) However, I suppose as one grows older one becomes more generous.

MRS. PEARY. Don't overdo it, dear Mrs. Cook, or one of these fine days you may give yourself away.

MRS. COOK. I think not.

MRS. PEARY. On a dull day, then?

MRS. COOK. Really, your humour is quite startling. You must let me have the name of your restaurant, Mrs. Peary.

MRS. PEARY. Your dear husband, I am sure, knows it well.

MRS. COOK. I fancy not. The Doctor is very exclusive.

MRS. PEARY. Yes, that's what the Commander says.

MRS. COOK. I do hope he's not annoyed about it.

MRS. PEARY. On the contrary, it's done him a lot of good.

MRS. COOK. The law of compensation again. (*A pause.*) Well, here we are at our destination. I hope I shall soon have the pleasure of meeting you again, Mrs. Peary.

MRS. PEARY. Thank you, dear Mrs. Cook. If you happen to be passing the servants' entrance of White House in about a month's time—

MRS. COOK. Oh, there's no nasty pride about me, Mrs. Peary. I'll stop the automobile and ask for you.

MRS. PEARY (*kindly*). That's right. One of our men will bring the message through.

MRS. COOK. To the servants' hall?

MRS. PEARY. Yes, in the first place. And then another man will bring it on to the President's private reception-room.

MRS. COOK. I must get the Doctor to work it out on paper.

MRS. PEARY. Do. He's so good at maps, they say.

MRS. COOK. Quite so. He makes them, you see.

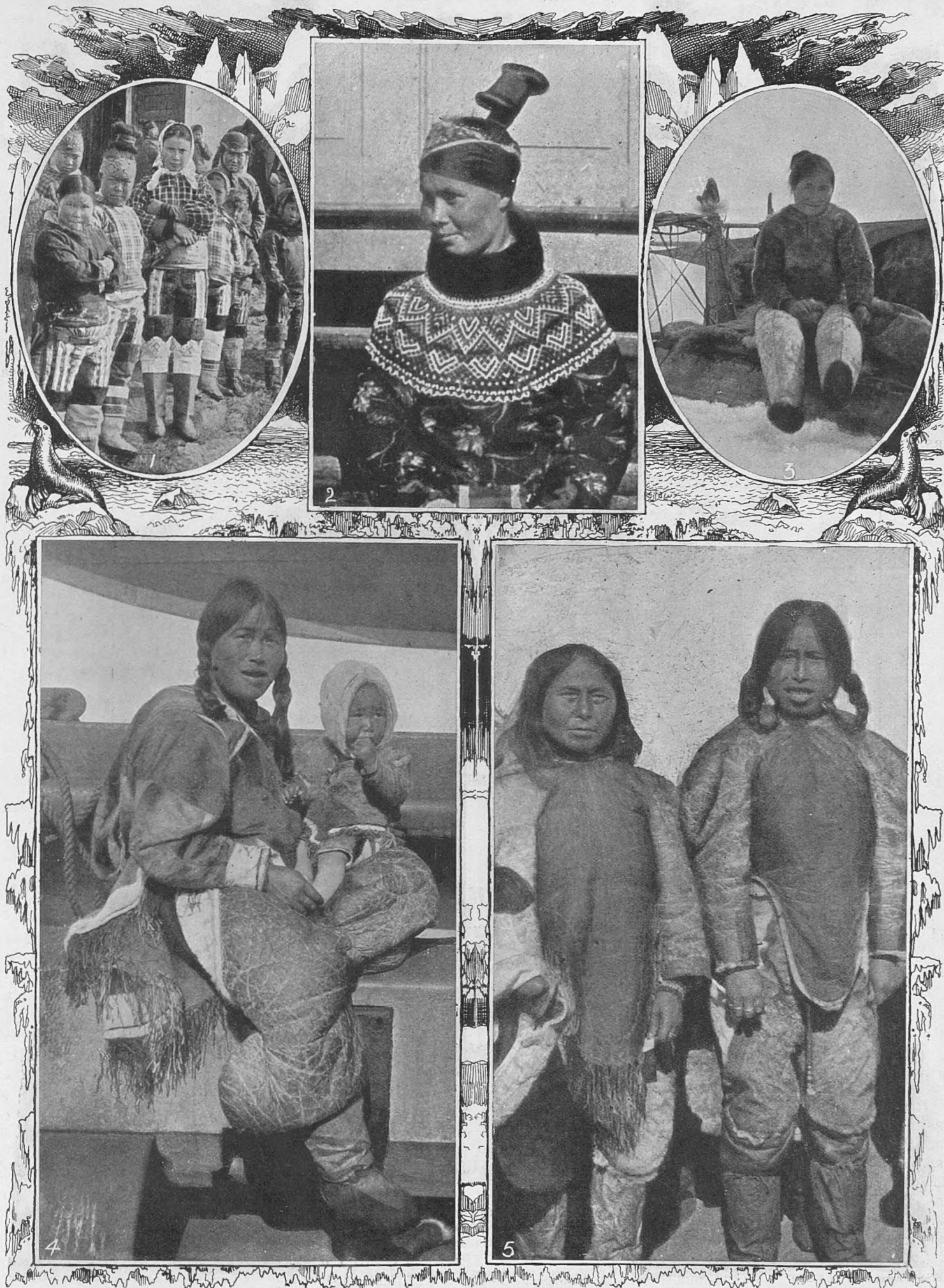
MRS. PEARY. Safer than bank-notes, anyhow.

MRS. COOK. An autobiographical glimpse?

MRS. PEARY. Call it a friendly warning. You never know where these very clever men will stop. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Cook.

MRS. COOK. How free you must be from anxiety! Good-bye, dear Mrs. Peary.

THE LADIES WHO BELIEVE IN LEASEHOLD MARRIAGE: BEAUTIES OF THE RACE THAT HELPED PEARY TO THE POLE.



1. THE TOP-KNOT AS A SIGN OF SPINSTERHOOD; ESKIMO WOMEN MARRIED AND UNMARRIED.

2. SWEET SEVENTEEN IN GREENLAND: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY COMMANDER PEARY.

3. AN ETIAH BEAUTY WEARIN' THE BREEKS: AK-ER-TIN-TAK ON HER SLEDGE

4. THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE: AN ESKIMO MOTHER IN BAFFIN BAY.

5. SHOW-GIRLS OF THE ARCTIC: A PAIR OF ESKIMO BELLES.

TOP-KNOTS BEFORE THE MARRIAGE KNOT: ESKIMO BELLES OF BAFFIN BAY.

Like the top-knots worn by the unmarried girls as a sign of maidenhood, the marriage knot among Eskimos is easily untied. Commander Peary tells us in his book, "Nearest the Pole," that "young couples frequently change partners several times in the first year or two, till both are suited. As the males are considerably in excess, there is a constant demand for wives."

Photographs Nos. 1, 3, 4, by Sandon Perkins; No. 2, supplied by G. G. Bain; and No. 5 by Underwood and Underwood.

"THE GREATEST WORK OF MAN."

*Shakespeare in a New Setting :
Mr. Norman McKinnel
in "King Lear,"
at the Haymarket.*



1. "HORRIBLE STEEP": THE CLIFF SCENE NEAR DOVER.

2. IN THE DRUID STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE: OUTSIDE GLOUCESTER'S CASTLE.

3. A NEW INTERPRETER OF THE MAD KING: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS KING LEAR.

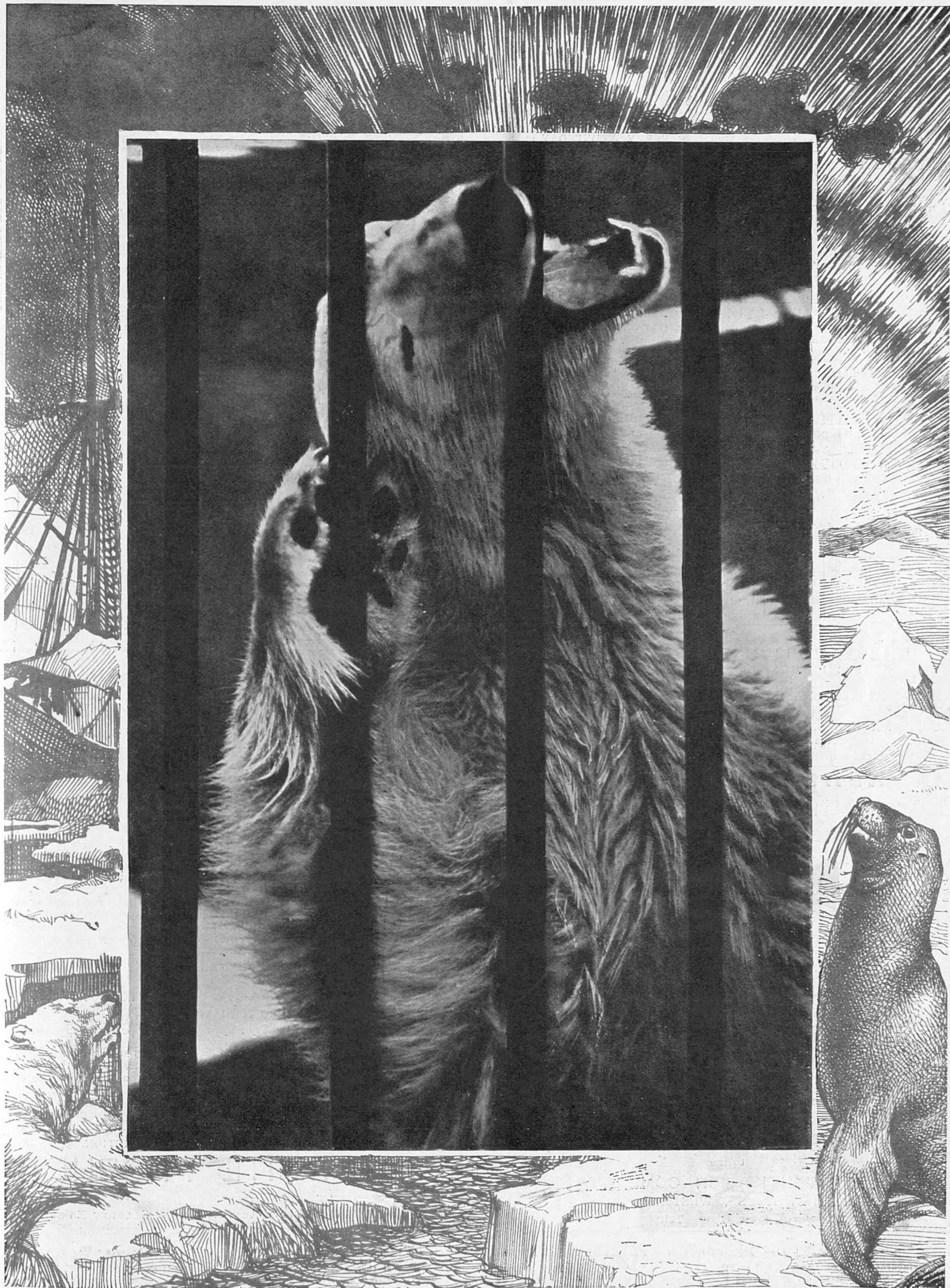
4. OF THE STONEHENGE PERIOD: THE INTERIOR OF KING LEAR'S PALACE.

5. "BLOW, WINDS, AND CRACK YOUR CHEEKS!" THE BLASTED HEATH

Swinburne described "King Lear" as "the greatest work of man," and three things make its production at the Haymarket especially notable. One is the fine performance of Mr. Norman McKinnel as the mad King. Mr. McKinnel has played of late years in such pieces as "Grit," "The Sway Boat," and "Diana of Dobson's," but some of his earliest stage experiences were in Shakespearean drama. The second notable point is that this is the first managerial venture of the "poet turned impresario"—Mr. Herbert Trench. The poetic and imaginative touch in the setting of the play is visible in the scenery, which is the third point to be noted. It was designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts, who has been wonderfully successful in catching the atmosphere of barbaric simplicity and rugged grandeur in keeping with the period and the play.

Photograph of Mr. McKinnel by Foulsham and Banfield; those of the scenery supplied by Mr. Herbert Trench.

WHO SAID "NORTH POLE" ?



DEDICATED TO THE AMIABLE CLAIMANTS OF THE NORTH POLE, BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE BEFORE THEM.

DEAR SIR,—I fail to understand the extraordinary fuss that is being made about the old North Pole and its so-called "discovery." I and my friends have known it for years, and have climbed it often, but we never wanted any gold medals or geographical dinners. There isn't much to see there, anyway; not that I should object to going again if there are any more expeditions. When I went there before I didn't worry about sledges or stores or rotten scientific instruments. I managed to shuffle along on my own good legs, with an Eskimo now and then to keep me going.—Yours t(r)uthfully,

POLAR BEAR.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.

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London.

Ay, London. ' Back again into dear old squashy, incomplete, ugly, irresistible, magnetic, dull old London. And I tell you what strikes me more than ever it struck me before, d'y'see, it again after only a very few weeks' absence—very

what strikes me more than ever it struck me before, d'y'see, it again after only a very few weeks' absence—very glad to get away, uncommon glad to get back—is its startling noiselessness, its well-conducted, noticeable quietude, its self-conscious air of unflashiness, its studious retention of the county-town note against all temptations. I feel that I'm bein' wordy. I feel that I'm indulgin' in highly ponderous *Daily Telegraph* expressions. But somehow or other the Georgian appearance of St. James's Street has got me by the throat.

Georgian and Soporific.

Fresh from the unholy row of Paris, the gorgeous, dangerous, dash-delightful din of that quite amazin' and quite beautiful city, with its exhilaratin' atmosphere and kaleidoscopic colours, and its ultra-modern note, the sight of London once more has plunged me back into stocks and nankeen trousers strapped under the boot, a cane with a gold-embossed top, dandily tasselled, and the very devil of a topper with something like a brim. Fresh from sayin' "chérie," I feel almost bound to ask my club waiter to put a "cheer" near the fire. In a word, which, you will notice, is distinctly Georgian, I feel that after the intoxication of Paris, London acts upon me as a soporific. I mean—and what a relief it is to be able to say "I mean" again!—here I sit in a Georgian smokin'-room, a dear old Georgian smokin'-room, dim, shabby, very right, which overlooks what is to me the first street in London—St. James's Street. But for the passing of an occasional taxi with a hooter which is like nothin' so much as the quack of a tonsillitic drake, and the even more occasional plop-plop of the almost effete brougham-horse, the place is silent. St. James's Street, in the City of London? Ay. But one might almost as well be in High Street, Uxminster, in the County of Uxminsex, ninety-two miles from Piccadilly Circus and eighty-two from Bath. What? Conceive (oh, hot!) what it would be in a club of similar standing, in a street of similar importance in the City of Paris. One would be obliged to issue orders to the waiter in dumb-show because of the conglomeration of rows risin' from the street. Honestly—and if dear old Bee ain't honest, bless you, what is he?—when I landed in Charing Cross, smoke-begrimed, unshaven,

creasy, and beluggaged, it seemed to me that I had returned to a crowded city of mutes, in whose houses everyone was invalid, and in whose streets metaphorical straw was laid down. Nothin' of sadness came to me from this peculiar noiselessness—only an overwhelmin' desire to go about on tip-toe, an irresistible self-consciousness.

Mighty Small After Paris.

Now let's go thoroughly into this. It's worth it. I mean there are times here and there in life when even the most ordinary cove finds it necessary to face things boldly. And I face this, and it strikes me as bein' just about time that I did face it. What? The Lord only knows how many times I have left my native heath for foreign parts. Puttin' this into English, I mean that I have prowled in the streets of Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Madrid, and so forth and so on. Don't ask me to give a list of other towns, because my bump of geography is weak, and I might drop a brick or create a bloomer. But havin' spent a very enjoyable short holiday in the company of a hefty, alert, rovin'-eyed, unutterably young person, all alive to new influences, hourly makin' comparisons, I suppose I have caught somethin' of his youth. And this is the very first time in my moderately long, thank God, life, that I have ever found myself comparin' London with any other city. I just haven't thought about it. It only shows what a man can come to. Hitherto I have looked upon London as the very dickens of a large place. Ye gods and little fishes, I am compelled to confess that Paris could fold up a couple of Londons into a small parcel and drop it in a forgetful moment on the other side

of the Pont Alexandre III. Upon bein' found and unfolded by some officious, newly appointed Minister of Works, whose name would very possibly be Monsieur Jean Brulures, it would be called a slum, and relegated to the use of students, museums, and so forth. It would be called an *arrondissement* whose chief street would be labelled "Boulevard d'Albert." For, honestly—it's a word I've just discovered—London after Paris does look mighty small, so to speak. Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Piccadilly would not be tolerated in the Quartier de l'Odéon. Where, oh, where are our Rues de Ri-



A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING: A PET WOLF OF PRINCESS TRUBETZKOI BEING TAKEN OUT FOR EXERCISE BY HIS MISTRESS.

Princess Trubetzkoï cultivates a strange type of pet, but though to us in this country it may seem amazing that a lady should care to be accompanied by wolves, yet a tame wolf is often seen in a great Russian castle. This one looks quite civilised.



A WOLF INSTEAD OF A LAP-DOG: PRINCESS TRUBETZKOI AND HER UNUSUAL PETS.

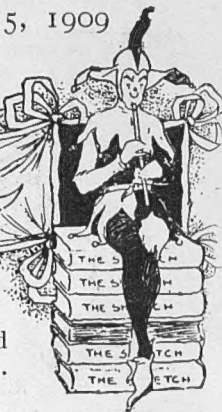
Wolf-cubs are pretty and playful, and, it is said, more intelligent than puppies. Princess Trubetzkoï—as is meet in one bearing her historic name—is quite fearless, but neither wolf, lion, nor bear is to be trusted, and those who make pets of them sometimes live to repent it bitterly. It is to be hoped the Princess may have no such experience.

Photographs by Delius.

voli, de la Paix, our Boulevards Haussmann, St. Germain, and above all, where, oh, where are our Champs Elysées? They are not. I've asked you the question, and I've answered it. And so to bed, to sleep, and to dream. What?

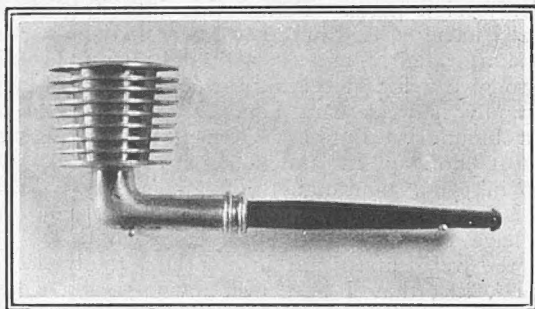


THE CLUBMAN



The Motor-Roads.

Will the proposed special motor-roads be a boon to the ordinary motorist, the man who drives considerably? I wonder. If these roads are made they will be made as inexpensively as possible consistent with utility. They are not likely to have picturesque scenery on either side of them; they will avoid villages, and pass the back gates of mansions; they will be simply well-kept tracks from one important town to another, laid down on a line where land can be acquired cheaply. The man who is anxious to go quickly at any time of the day or night from London to Brighton, or Manchester to Liverpool, will appreciate these roads, just as he appreciates express trains.



FOR SCORCHING SMOKERS: AN ALUMINIUM PIPE AIR-COOLED LIKE A MOTOR-CYCLE ENGINE.

This patent pipe is made of aluminium, and has a series of rings round the bowl, to cool the air, on the same principle as those round the cylinder of a motor-cycle engine. The bowl, being of metal, cannot be scorched away by furious smoking.

Photograph by Wilson.

increase and multiply, as they might do, the man in the motor is likely to find that the alternative roads, the roads along which horse-drawn traffic moves, will only be open to him under restrictions. It seems to me quite reasonable that, if a special road is made for motor-cars, the pedestrians and the riders and drivers of horses should ask that motor-cars should only move at the pace of a horse on the roads in the same direction as that taken by the motor-road. The man who now enjoys his motor-car outings, who drives very slowly through villages, who stops to look at a beautiful view or a picturesque church, who goes along at twenty miles an hour when the road is clear, but has no wish ever to travel at a greater pace, is likely to be very sorry when the motor-roads are made and he is told either to use these or to travel eight miles an hour on the other roads.

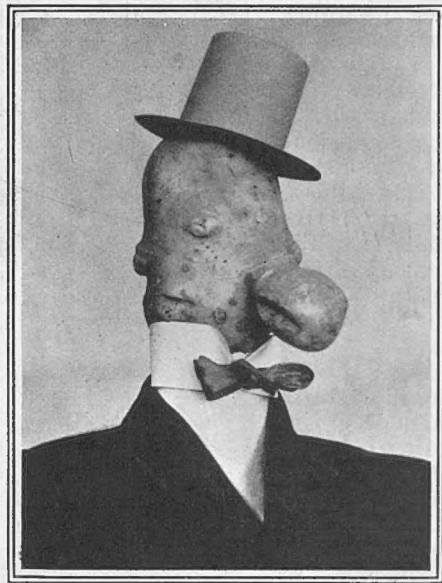
Malplaquet.

The French are this week celebrating the bi-centenary of Malplaquet; speeches are being made, a statue is to be erected on the battlefield, and a memorial-tablet is being put up in the church near the battlefield. We in England are taking no notice of the two-hundred-year-old anniversary. And yet Malplaquet was a British and Dutch and Austrian victory, and not a French one. Marlborough, who commanded, writes of it as being a "very murdering battle," and the dreadful slaughter on both sides was the more cruel because both armies had thought that peace had been assured. It would have been assured had not the English

Government demanded that Louis XIV. should assist in expelling his grandson from Spain.

The Battle.

The Allies, under Marlborough and Eugene, after some very horrible street-fighting in taking the citadel of Tournay, besieged Mons, and to relieve it. The allied armies turned to meet him, and Villars drew up his forces in a country of woods and ravines, entrenched his positions, and waited to be attacked. It was a soldiers' battle, not a generals' one. The opponents fought desperately in the woods. The Dutch, under the Prince of Orange, made a fierce attack on the French, which was repulsed with tremendous slaughter, some ten thousand Dutchmen being put *hors de combat*. Villars, who of all the French Marshals opposed to Marlborough was the ablest, was wounded at a critical moment and carried off the field. A weakening of the French centre gave Marlborough his opportunity; he pushed his troops forward at this point, took the entrenchments, and



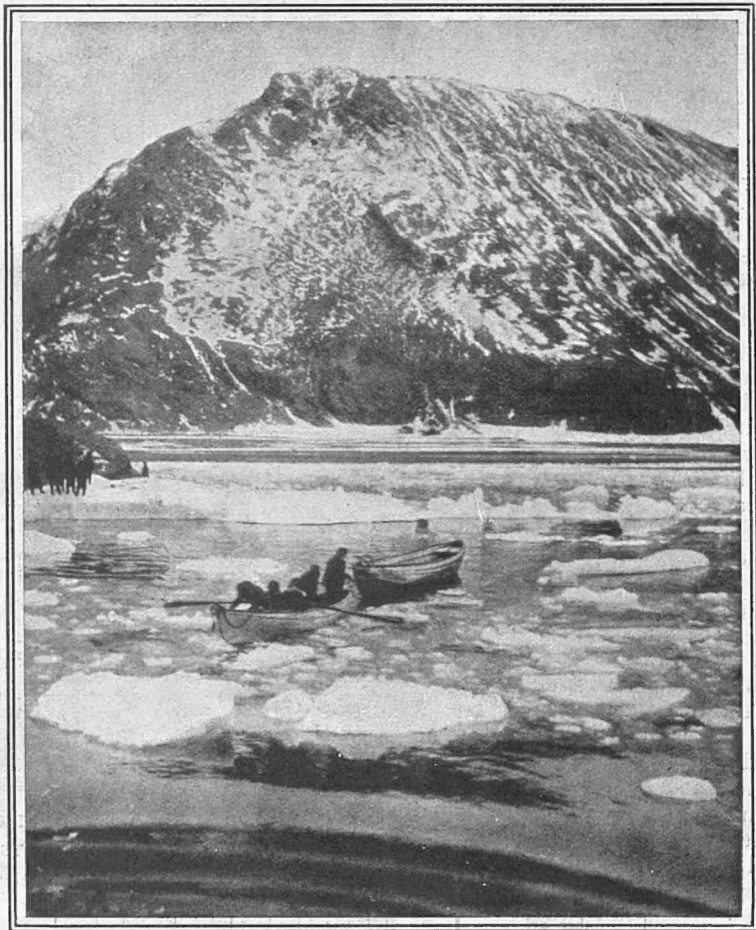
NOT A BUST OF "THE OLD 'UN": A VEGETABLE NOW IN (THE SILLY) SEASON.

This photograph suggests at first sight a bust of Ally Sloper, but it is really no such thing. It is merely one of those eccentric vegetables which generally crop up about this time of year to cheer us in the dull season. In fact, it is a potato dressed after a new fashion.—[Photograph by Foy.]

won the battle. The Allies lost more than 18,000 men killed and wounded in this battle, and the French less than 16,000. The latter retired in perfect order, and the Allies could not follow them. But Mons, for the possession of which the battle was fought, fell into Marlborough's hands.

Marlborough and Wellington.

It is recorded that Marlborough was much affected by the loss of so many of his old friends and comrades at this battle and of so many gallant men, for the regiments on both sides were picked troops. The General who had shown no emotion when recording the losses at Ramillies and Oudenarde and other victories over the French, lost for a moment command over his feelings when he learned the total of the losses of the Allies at Malplaquet. A like moment came once to another great Duke, Wellington. Once and once only did his iron fortitude forsake him, and that was when he was told of the dreadful slaughter at the breach when Badajos was stormed. Both these great British Generals were of steel when fortune was against them; both of them lost their nerve for a moment at a time of dearly bought victory.



MORE EXPERIENCED THAN ANY ARCTIC EXPLORER: A WHALEBOAT THAT HAS SPENT 37 YEARS IN THE POLAR SEAS.

The boat being towed in the above photograph is a whaleboat which was left in the Arctic seas by the "Polaris" in the expedition of 1872. It was discovered by Commander Peary in his latest journey to the North Pole, and is here seen on its way to the Museum of Natural History in New York, to which he dispatched it.—[Photograph by Hamilton.]

REPUBLICAN ROYALTY:
AN AMERICAN HEIRESS MARRYING A PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.



TO-DAY'S ROYAL WEDDING IN SCOTLAND: MISS ANITA STEWART AND DOM MIGUEL OF BRAGANZA.

Many American heiresses have found husbands in the British and other aristocracies, but there have been some disappointments over alliances with royal houses, notably in the case of

Miss Elkins and the Duke of the Abruzzi. To-day, however, Miss Anita Stewart, daughter by a former marriage of Mrs. James Henry Smith, of Chicago, attains the much-wished-for dignity by marrying Dom Miguel of Braganza, son of the Duke of Braganza, of the royal line formerly on the throne of Portugal. Miss Stewart is being created a Princess in her own right by the Emperor of Austria. Mrs. Smith, the bride's mother, is the widow of the famous American millionaire known as "Silent Smith," of Chicago, and the bride inherited £1,000,000 from her stepfather. Mrs. Smith is at present the tenant of Tulloch Castle, near Dingwall, in Ross and Cromarty, where the wedding-party is assembled. The marriage will take place in the Roman Catholic Church at Dingwall.

Photographs (of Miss Stewart) by Lallie Charles, and (of Dom Miguel) by Lafayette.



A WEST-COUNTRY BRIDE: MRS. E. O. A. NEWCOMBE (FORMERLY MISS NITA COURTENAY), WHO WAS MARRIED YESTERDAY.

Powderham Castle, near Exeter, the seat of the Earl of Devon, was yesterday the scene of an interesting wedding party. The bride was Miss Nita Courtenay, daughter of the late Hon. Hugh Leslie Courtenay, and granddaughter of the thirteenth Earl. The bridegroom was Captain E. O. A. Newcombe, R.E.

Photograph by Gabell.

their fluff that it may be made into mittens and other comfortable vanities. She will be reminded, perhaps, of the flock of Cashmere goats that wandered in the grounds of Strathfieldsaye, obedient to the whim of the Duke, who insisted on making clothes for his friends from their wool. To wear a coat of Wellington manufacture was like being clothed in Wellington boots from top to toe, so stiff was the material. That Duke had, too, his army of silkworms, but he never coaxed from them enough silk to mitigate the iron of his wool.

Meynell Sounds. Hoar Cross Hall, Lord Rosebery's base during the opening of the Johnson Exhibition at Lichfield, where he makes a speech to-day, forms part of the valuable Meynell estates in Staffordshire. They carried with them, according to the terms of Mrs. Meynell

SMALL TALK

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN is at Aix-les-Bains, and so are the Duchess of Wellington and Lady Eileen Wellesley, industrious travellers who have no sooner left the island of balmy air than they breast the winds of St. Petersburg, and have hardly returned from Russia before they set out for Savoy. Lady Eileen's bright eyes may encounter those of the Angora rabbits, for at Aix there is a farm where these beasts shed

Onslow's younger daughter, will go to Lord Halifax's place at Bishop Wilton, near York, for even in the midst of matrimony he has an eye on the chances of a General Election. It is in a division of Yorkshire that he will stand as the Unionist candidate as soon as there is a dissolution, and he and his bride-elect both agree that a honeymoon spent among prospective constituents is much more exhilarating than



CAPTAIN E. O. A. NEWCOMBE, ROYAL ENGINEERS, WHO YESTERDAY MARRIED MISS NITA COURTENAY AT POWDERHAM.

Captain E. O. A. Newcombe, of the Royal Engineers, yesterday married Miss Nita Courtenay, whose grandfather was the thirteenth Earl of Devon. The ceremony took place at the beautiful church of St. Clement's, Powderham, and the festivities were held at Powderham Castle, the historic seat of the Earls of Devon.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

one spent among Venetian mosquitoes.

Framed and Glazed.

Sir Cuthbert Quilter has got rid of his pictures only to be presented with—an illuminated address! He will perhaps make a wry face when he comes to hang it in the place once occupied by an exquisite Millet; but Sir Cuthbert's humour is too buoyant to be long depressed. The only thing that seriously annoys him, and he lets the House of Commons know it, is the dilution or adulteration of beer. He looks like one who has found the real article and thriven on it; or is it on the sea-breezes, which he has braved, as Vice-Commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, for forty years, and which have blown him his illumination?

Unanswerable. When Mr. Chamberlain and his cigars were in America, a doctor ventured to say, "I



ENGAGED TO THE EARL OF ANNESLEY: MRS. EVELYN HESTER HARRISON.

The neighbourhood of Lord Annesley's beautiful home, Castletwellan, is much excited at the thought that Lord Annesley, who not long ago succeeded his father, is going to bring home a beautiful Countess. Lord Annesley is five-and-twenty, and he is still remembered very kindly at Eton. He is also devoted to Ireland and to things Irish. He had the misfortune to lose an eye some time ago, but he is as keenly interested in sport and as fond of the sea as was his father and as is his lovely stepmother.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Ingram's will, the name of Meynell, which Lord Rosebery's host was nothing loath to take in exchange for his own. For the Wood he dropped he got a park; and Lady Mary Meynell, like her daughter-in-law, Lady Dorothy Meynell, may well be satisfied with the adopted name, if only on the score of euphony and rarity. As in Reynolds, the "y" of Meynell is not, of course, sounded.

Looking Ahead. Mr. Frederick Meynell's brother, Lord Halifax, sees his only son married on the 21st. Like his cousin, he marries a Lady Dorothy, so that Mrs. Meynell Ingram's will saves the situation, and there will be only one Lady Dorothy Wood. After the ceremony Mr. Edward Wood and his bride, who is Lord

think you smoke too much, Mr. Chamberlain." "Perhaps I do," came the reply; "but then, you must remember, I take no exercise." Mr. Chesterton has a much more impatient answer for the American legislators who are stamping out the cigar-ettes of the States. He denies their right to do anything of the sort. But let him not think that when he goes to America he will be called on to abstain from the weed. They will still offer him cigars there, as they did Sir Thomas Lipton on the historic occasion of his only jest. "No," he said, "I am one of the greatest of smokers, but I never smoke cigars." "What then do you smoke?" asked the man with the box. "Bacon," said Sir Thomas.



MR. HENRY HARRINGTON, WHO MARRIED IVIE, LADY COLQUHOUN, LAST WEEK.

A very charming wedding brought many distinguished folk to St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on the Tuesday of last week (Sept. 7). The bride was Ivie, Lady Colquhoun, and the bridegroom Mr. Henry Harington, of the West Yorkshire Regiment. He is a son of the late Rev. J. D. Harington, and of Mrs. Owen, of Battle Court, Eastbourne.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MRS. HENRY HARRINGTON (FORMERLY IVIE, LADY COLQUHOUN) WHO WAS MARRIED LAST WEEK.

Mr. Harington's bride is the widow of the late Sir James Colquhoun, twelfth Baronet, of Colquhoun and Luss, and daughter of Major Urquhart of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. The fact that this was her second bridal was marked by her wearing a hat instead of a veil. The Colquhouns of Luss are among the greatest of Scottish lairds.

Photograph by Lafayette.

A SAIL WITHOUT A MAST.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



THE STONE SAILS OF GUATALUPE: A REMARKABLE MEXICAN MONUMENT.

This remarkable monument, unique, perhaps, in the world, stands on the hill at Guatalupe, a few miles from the city of Mexico. It was built by a seafaring man who, during a violent storm at sea, had vowed to erect a monument if he escaped with his life. He built it in the form of a sail, to commemorate its origin.

Photograph by Bolak.

CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIERS



A LEADER OF SMART SOCIETY IN DUBLIN: MRS. ERNEST GUINNESS.

Mrs. Ernest Guinness, who married, six years ago, the second of Lord Iveagh's good-looking sons, is the smartest of younger Dublin hostesses, and during Horse Show Week she is particularly prominent. Mr. Ernest Guinness has much to do with the management of the great family business which supplies the best of good stout to a thirsty world at home and abroad. He is devoted to Ireland, and his little daughter, now five years old, has for her first name the typically Irish cognomen of Aileen.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Duchess of Roxburghe was in attendance, that the Golet yacht *Nahmah*, lying in state in the Solent, caught the eye of the royal party. King Edward and the Prince of Wales expressed a desire to go over the American boat, and their visit led, of course, to an introduction to Mrs. Golet. The Prince. it is remembered, had a particularly nice compliment ready for the yacht. The Duchess wants as good a one for Floors, a seat for which she has a particular fondness.

Over the Border. Gordon Castle has never been visited by the King or Queen, although the Duke of Richmond and Gordon is proud to call Goodwood House the "spare" residence of royalty. But of the attractions of Gordon Castle the Duke is also quite unashamed

LORD SAVILE'S party to meet the King at Rufford included the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, who are now to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales at Floors Castle. Queen Victoria knew Floors, but not during the reign of the present Duchess, although it was during the Queen's last visit to Cowes, and when, curiously enough, her own particular

Round the castle the pipers of the Seaforth's will march, playing their eerie music, and in the neighbourhood, especially in the town of Dingwall, great preparations have been made to give the Prince and his bride a rousing royal welcome and "send-off."

"Things." The ladies of Grosvenor Square must be congratulated. Mrs.



A MARIENBAD HOSTESS OF THE KING: PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN.

Of the many great ladies who had the honour and privilege of entertaining our Sovereign during his "cure" at Marienbad, perhaps the most distinguished was Princess Liechtenstein, who gave a brilliant dinner party in honour of the "Duke of Lancaster," at Klinger's. The Liechtensteins have, as a family, the very rare honour of figuring in the first part of the "Almanach de Gotha." This, of course, gives them a right to "call cousins" with the crowned heads of Europe, and they have constantly intermarried with the royal caste.

Photograph by World's Graphic Press.

James Henry Smith leased No. 35 from the Duchess of Somerset at the beginning of the year, and is already finding it more useful than she could have dreamt of as the headquarters of her daughter's trousseau operations. The dresses of the future Princess Miguel of Braganza need, of course, an ample field. By the way, it is Mrs. Van Raalte, a neighbour, who appropriates the other royal matrimonial adventure of the moment. The castaway Infante Alfonso and his bride, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, are her guests at Brownsea Castle, where they may enjoy the waters of the Brownsea lake without, and within their hostess's water-colours. It goes without saying that they are sure to find both delightful.



COMING OF AGE IN NOVEMBER: LADY JOAN BYNG.

Lady Joan Byng is the youngest of the late Lord Strafford's many children, and she comes of age this November. Both Lady Joan and her elder sisters have always been regarded with special interest and affection by the various members of our Royal Family, owing to the fact that their father was held in high regard by Queen Victoria, while their mother was the eldest daughter of Admiral Lord Frederic Kerr.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

and he tells of a river that races along at the bottom of the garden, so to speak, as a fair substitute for racing horses. And there are salmon therein panting to get at the royal bait: their owner means that they shall taste it.

To-Day's Royal Bridal. To-day sees Miss Anita Stewart become Princess Miguel of Braganza, and that splendid "shooting-box," Tulloch Castle, will be the scene of a magnificent wedding-feast, at which will be present many royal personages. Quite a number of the bridegroom's relatives have travelled all the way to bleak Scotland from sunny Italy and Portugal to honour the bride. Tulloch Castle is, for the time, occupied by the bride's mother, Mrs. James Henry Smith; it is a beautiful house, well fitted to entertain the distinguished company who will sit down, thirty-eight in number, to the first royal wedding-breakfast given in Scotland since the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots.



A WELL-KNOWN LONDON HOSTESS: LADY DICKSON-POYNDER.

Lady Dickson-Poynder, though she has now joined the ranks of the chaperons, has retained the look of youth and smartness for which she was famed as Miss Anne Dundas. Like so many modern women, she has artistic and literary tastes. In the South African War Sir John Dickson-Poynder served on Lord Methuen's staff with great distinction.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



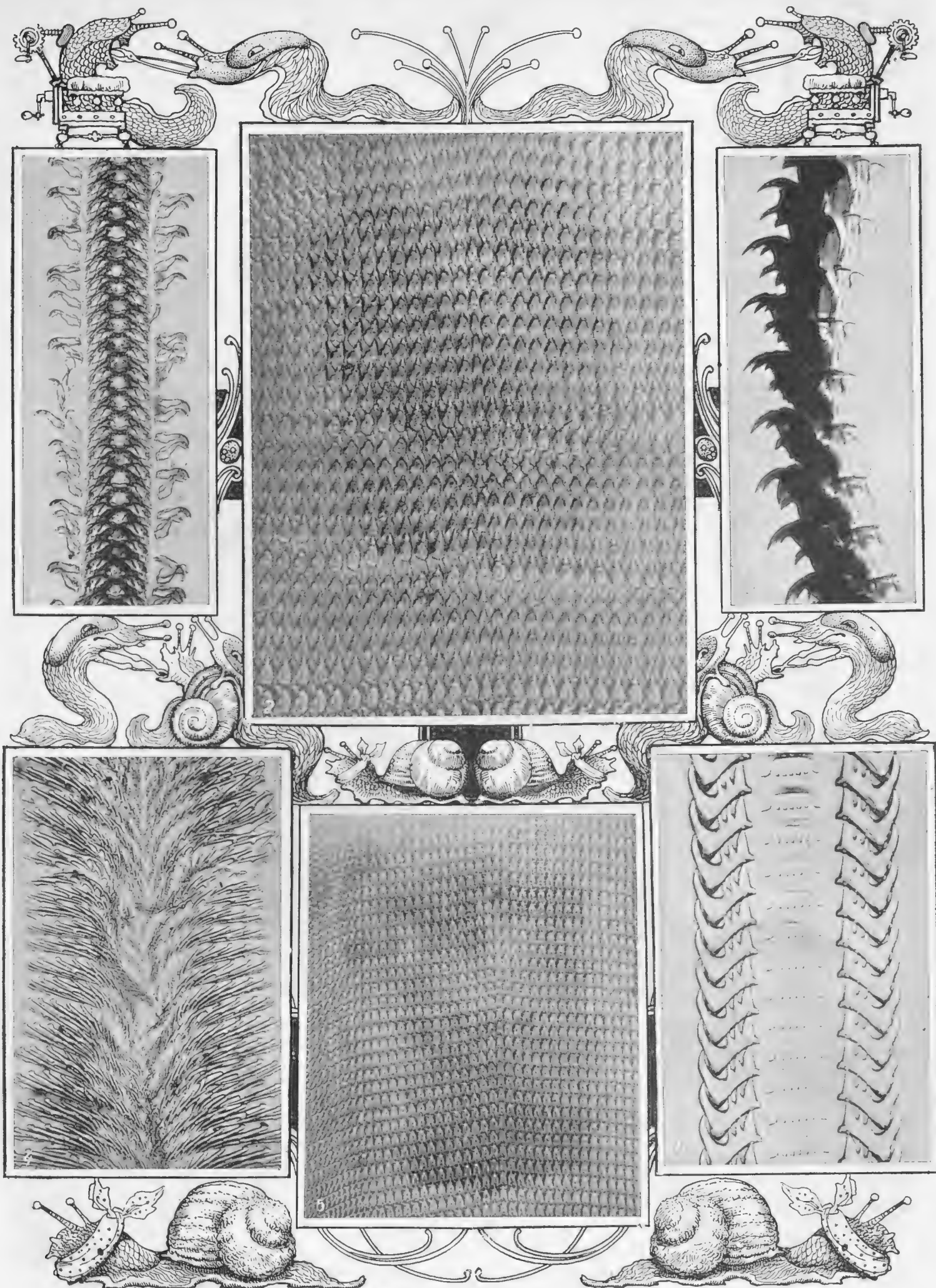
A BARON AT TWO YEARS OLD: THE NEW LORD DE CLIFFORD.

The little Lord de Clifford, who was born on January 30, 1907, succeeded to the title as twenty-sixth Baron, on the sad death of his father a fortnight ago in a motor-car accident. His mother was formerly well known on the stage as Miss Eva Carrington, and she married the late Lord de Clifford under romantic circumstances in 1906.

Photograph by Kent-Lacey.

TOOTHsome MORSELS: THE SNAIL'S DENTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE WHELK, THE SLUG, AND THE PERIWINKLE.



1. A DIGESTION-LIKE A SAW: A SECTION OF THE PERIWINKLE'S LINGUAL RIBBON, WHICH HAS 3500 TEETH.

4. A TERROR TO WORMS: THE FISH-HOOK TEETH OF THE WORM-EATING SLUG, "TESTACELLA."

2. TEETH LIKE ANCIENT CHAIN-ARMOUR: SOME OF THE COMMON OR GARDEN SNAIL'S 1500 TEETH.

5. A HEALTHY SET OF MOLARS: SOME OF THE COMMON OR GARDEN SLUG'S 6500 GRINDERS.

3. A TONGUE TWICE AS LONG AS HIMSELF: SICKLE-SHAPED TEETH ON THE LIMPET'S LINGUAL RIBBON.

6. "BUT NOT ON US!" THE OYSTERS CRIED: TEETH OF CARNIVOROUS WHELK, THAT LIKES OYSTERS.

We illustrate here some remarkable varieties of teeth among the molluscs, which include snails, slugs, squids, limpets, and other shells. Molluscs do not, as a rule, bite; but use their teeth for various purposes, such as sawing, filing, harrowing, grinding, and reaping. The common snail has about 1500, and the small gray garden slug some 6500 teeth, arranged like a rasp on a lingual ribbon which lies at the back of the creature's throat, and moves to and fro like a chain-saw over its food to digest it. One slug, the "testacella," has barbed teeth like fish-hooks, and hunts earthworms underground. The limpet uses its teeth like sickles to scrape off tiny sea-weeds from the rocks. Its lingual ribbon is twice the length of its shell. The periwinkle has 3500 teeth. In the marine carnivorous molluscs, like the whelk and the dog-whelk, the lingual ribbon is placed in a kind of proboscis which drills holes in bivalve shells, such as oysters, and sucks their vital juices.—[Photographs supplied by F. E. Cooper.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

The Sleepy Censor. At the present moment the Censor is to the head to Mr. Dick: still, I do try to keep him out of my notices. In the case of "The Proud Prince" I cannot. The poor official must be bewildered at finding himself, on the one hand, attacked for being too strict, and on the other for being too lax; but even he should have seen that he ought not to have passed the Lyceum piece in its present form. A person is beyond hope who would prohibit "Monna Vanna," and license Mr. J. H. McCarthy's play. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Smith and Carpenter will set to work to cut down the element of Lysabetta and her "favourites" as much as possible. It will be rather a pity in one way, for Miss Frances Dillon has worked hard and ably at the part of the woman belonging to "the oldest profession," and hers is some of the best acting in the play. On the whole, one has the same sort of mixture as in "The Sign of the Cross": religion and revels, crosses and legs, and a combination of the World, the Flesh, and the Archangel Michael. It is fairly full of theatrical incidents, and one, the escape at the end of the second act from Lysabetta's establishment, was remarkably effective. After all, it is hard to see why any changes should be made in a work that has passed the Censor and was received enthusiastically. In fairness to Mr. McCarthy I should mention that some of the dialogue was quite above the customary standard. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Proud Prince, whose conversion did not seem to me worth anything like the price paid for it by other characters, was at his best in the first act before the transformation scene. Afterwards, as the Deformed Jester, he seemed rather disappointing. By-the-bye, the piece would gain enormously in verisimilitude if he were to play the Jester as well as the Prince; then it would be possible to believe that his identity was mistaken. Miss Dorothy Thomas pleased the audience; Mr. Eric Mayne was cheered, and Mr. Frederick Ross gave a really able performance as the heroine's father.

Mr. Trench's Season.

A visit to "King Lear" after "The Proud Prince" is instructive. I do not suppose more money has been spent on scenery and costumes by Mr. Trench than by Messrs. Smith and Carpenter, and "Oh, the difference to me!" The Lyceum production appeals successfully to the æsthetic sense of its peculiar audience; the Haymarket revival marks something of a change. It shows a departure from the conventional academy ideal of beauty current on our stage, so deftly made that many were unaware of it; and the thousands who delight

in the beautiful pictorial effects will hardly think that they are assisting at something almost revolutionary. As to the play—well, it is the duty of everybody to see "King Lear," and no one is likely to see it more beautifully mounted nor better played than under Mr. Trench's management; and it may well be that another seventeen years will elapse before the famous tragedy is revived again in London for a run. Mr. Norman McKinnel did not delight us by any unexpected revelation of quality, but his Lear is a very able, well-restrained, intelligent piece of work, and has some passages of real beauty. The Cordelia of Miss Ellen O'Malley is pleasing and pretty, but lacks character. Her wicked sisters were capital represented by Miss Ada Ferrar and Miss Marie Polini. The Kent of Mr. C. V. France was excellent; so, too, was the Gloucester of Mr. James Hearn.

Mr. H. R. Hignett acted cleverly, if a little too dryly, as the Clown. The Edgar of Mr. Charles Quartermaine, who had a very hard task, did him great credit. Mr. Trevor Lowe gave an interesting touch of individuality to the character of Oswald. Mr. Fisher White made Cornwall a vigorous and effective picture.

The Drury Lane Drama.

What would happen if the big mechanical sensation of a Drury Lane play were to go quite smoothly on the first night? I wonder. Perhaps the house would be disappointed; certainly it could not be more enthusiastic than it was last

Thursday, when the railway accident in "The Whip" behaved rather badly for a while. What a wonderful play, and what a wonderful audience, which sat from 7.30 till midnight! "The Whip" is one of the cleverest of the Raleigh-Hamilton series, and, by its introduction of dozens of dogs and horses, gave great pleasure to some of us, who, indeed, found them more interesting than the biped players. Yet the human performers acted very well their parts in the story of the sham marriage, of the attempt to kill a racehorse, and of the night of terrors spent by an unfortunate trainer shut up in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's. It is impossible to speak of all the people who helped Mr. Collins in presenting the drama, but one must name Miss Jessie Bateman, charming as heroine—what unbecoming riding-costumes she had; Mr. Cyril Keightley, a new and agreeable type of Drury Lane villain; and Miss Nancy Price, an effective orthodox villainess. Mr. Basil Gill as a disreputable parson; Mr. Vincent Clive, the hero; Mr. Charles Rock, who made a "hit" as a blackguardly "bookie"; and Mr. George Barrett, to whom most of the comic relief was assigned, must be mentioned; and one cannot overlook Miss Fanny Brough and Miss Madge Fabian.



MORE SYMPATHETIC THIEVES; MR. H. V. ESMOND ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE.

The little sketch just produced at the Palace, called "Among Thieves," which was written by Mr. William Gillette, famed as the impersonator of Sherlock Holmes, gives an opportunity for some very fine acting. This was only to be expected with such a strong cast as Mr. H. V. Esmond, Miss Esmé Beringer, and Mr. Bassett Roe. It is worth noting that all the characters are either thieves or their associates.

TWO BUDDHIST MYSTERIES.



1 and 2. A SEVEN-INCH CASKET FOR WHICH A TEMPLE A QUARTER OF A MILE IN CIRCUMFERENCE WAS BUILT—TWO VIEWS.

3. A STATUE 180 FEET LONG WHICH GOT MISLAID; THE IMAGE OF BUDDHA FOUND AT PEGU, IN BURMA.

The most important discovery of religious relics made in recent years has been the finding at Peshawar, in Northern India, of a casket containing actual bones of Gautama Buddha, the founder of Buddhism. So sacred were these relics in the eyes of the faithful that the Emperor Kanishka, about the time of Christ, built the most splendid temple in India to house them. The temple, however, fell into ruin, and the whereabouts of the relics became a mystery, until they were located at Peshawar. A full account of the relics and their discovery appeared in last Saturday's "Illustrated London News," by whose courtesy we reproduce these interesting photographs. The third shows the largest of the Buddhist statues, the great Shway-tha-Yaung, or recumbent Buddha, measuring 181 feet. In spite of its size, it became buried in dense jungle and earth, and was only discovered by chance when the Pegu Railway was constructed. Note the man standing on the statue's hand.

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By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Hedging.

Dr. Cook only knows whether he really scaled Mount McKinley, and he alone knows whether he really reached the North Pole. Most of us owe him a debt of gratitude, for his announcement came, with heaven-sent timeliness, right in the heart of the silly season, to save newspaper men from inventing correspondences. The thing has the charm of uncertainty, for we do not know what to believe, and, perhaps, shall not know until Peary goes over the Cook data. In the circumstances, the fence is the safest place upon which to base oneself. Of course, men have believed Arctic explorers who have pulled the leg of their generation, but there is another side. Bruce's stories of Abyssinia and its people's ways were as true as ever narrative was, but nobody believed him. The sceptics made his life a misery, though he was too proud to admit it. And Du Chaillu was sworn by the scientists to be monkeying with the truth when he came back to civilisation with tales of a new river, of man-eating humans, and of the fearsome distant cousins of ourselves, sporting in the haunts of their ancestral gorillas. To-day we may be wise to hedge.

Great Minds' Marches.

If by any chance Dr. Cook did not reach the North Pole, it is shocking bad luck for Commander Peary that another should have claimed, if only for a time, the glory which should be his. If the former did succeed, then there remains nothing else to surprise us after this feat of two men, upon each other's heels, achieved after so many centuries of effort. But we must not let surprise carry us quite away. In other domains as wonderful things have happened. What more wonderful thing could happen than that Wallace and Darwin should reach the same conclusions as to the evolution of the race? What more unexpected than that two men should on one and the same day patent an absolutely new and revolutionary idea, in the telephone? Wide seas separated the two men who, practically simultaneously, discovered Neptune, which never before had crossed human vision. Newton narrowly escaped losing credit for perfecting the law of gravitation. Harvey came near to being anticipated in his discovery of the circulation of the blood. It is just possible that the elements of thorium were independently and simultaneously discovered. And there was a forerunner of Lord Lister in the practice of antiseptic surgery.

The Great Unknown.

If Pasteur was the father, in science, of Lord Lister, then Semmelweis was his brother. Who to-day ever hears of Semmelweis? We should not know of him but for the generosity of Lord Lister. When the latter was working out his great theory, the unknown Semmelweis was at work on very similar lines. He submitted his scheme to the highest pathological authorities of Germany, who rejected his opinions, as did the thinking men of France. His native Austria ignored him. The neglect and contumely of which he was the victim broke his heart. The

surgeons of Budapest gave a great torchlight procession in honour of Lister, but they failed to notice the name of their fellow-citizen. So a Hungarian physician, practising in London, wrote the dead man's biography, and sent a copy of the work to Lord Lister. The latter declared Semmelweis to be in some respects his forerunner. But the man had been an age in his grave, and, too late, the world recognised that these two great minds had been working along parallel lines for the elucidation of the same huge problem.

Can We Believe? A correspondent

of an evening contemporary is beside himself with grief at the assertion that Solomon never wrote his Song. Of course, nowadays nobody ever did the thing attributed to him. Wellington did a good deal at Waterloo, but he never bade the Guards to "Up, and at 'em!" nor did Cambronne say, "The Guard dies, but does not surrender"—of the gentlemen who did not die, but did surrender. There never was a Romulus; Troy was never half as well besieged as we are made to believe; and poor Helen was sixty when Paris fell in love with her. The chemist has shown that vinegar never converted pearls into a potion for Cleopatra, nor melted the rocks for Hannibal. Lucrezia Borgia and Nero were quite charming people—the one never poisoned, the other never fiddled; and the Joan of Arc who suffered in the flames was quite another person, of the same name—not the lady whom we have been celebrating. The Bridge of Sighs has no romance; the famous Round Tower of Newport was never anything better than a windmill; the Maelstrom is only a piffling eddy; the Juggernaut is quite a jolly instrument for a pageant! Jerusalem stood not where it stands, and Jezreel is not the Zer'in with which to-day we identify it. Decidedly we must not believe anything.

Whose Land? Quite good fun for the

lawyers has followed America's claim to the North Pole, the "old North Pole," which Peary has "got." If the Pole be in Canada, then, of course, it is ours; we shall have to add it to the "Kingdom" of Canada, as we were to have called the Dominion, had we not feared to hurt the feelings

of the United States. But is America sure of her own title? Can she prove, after all, that she is not still a British possession? One would not like to be the Englishman who had to argue it out before an American audience, but the fact remains that the famous Declaration of Independence will not answer. The making of perishable ink did not begin the other day when there was a complaint that typewritten documents in certain Government offices were fading out. The fault was American long ago. The Declaration is one of the victims. The ink of the text has vanished. Part of the thickly written title remains, and gentlemen heavy-handed with the pen left signatures not yet gone. But for the rest, the historic sheet is blank. Use and wont and custom make America independent, but the deed of Declaration will not stay us if we propose to re-annex her. Upon that day may the present writer not be there to see!

**TATTOOED TROUSERINES: SARTORIAL ECONOMY IN BURMA.**

It would save a great deal of expense in the matter of tailors' bills if we could adopt the simple plan illustrated above. Nearly every Burman is tattooed from waist to knee, the design usually being a series of tangent circles, each containing a figure of a mythical man or beast. It is only the men who are tattooed, not the women. The photograph shows what fine hair some men have in Burma. It is not, of course, suggested that tattooing is an actual substitute for clothing.

Photograph by L.E.A.

GREAT SNAKES!



SMITH (at the club): Yes, by Jove, there's very little you can teach me. I've been everywhere, done everything, seen everything!

THE SCOTCH MEMBER: Young man, did ye ever have D.T.s.?

SMITH: D.T.s.! Great Scott, no!

THE SCOTCH MEMBER: Then ye've seen nowt.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



The "Long" Lang that Has no Turning from Success.

Mr. Matheson Lang has received so much praise not only for his latest impersonation at the Lyceum, but for many previous performances both before and since he became the leading actor at that popular theatre, that he may recall with amusement the severest criticism he ever received. This was in New York on an American tour, in which he was a member of Mrs. Langtry's company.

The piece was "The Crossways," a play dealing with modern English society life, by Mr. Hartley Manners. Mrs. Langtry played a Duchess, with Mr. Henry Vibart as the Duke, her husband; while Mr. Matheson Lang was the wicked young man who made love to her when the Duke was not by, and was continually urging her to elope with him. In the big scene of the play there was a passionate scene between the Duchess and her lover, in which the latter had a long speech, ending up with, "I've done this, I've done that, I've done the other, but, for God's sake, forget it, forget it." While the rehearsals of the play were going on in England, an American friend of Mr. Lang's happened to see the part, and noticing the speech, said, "You can't say that in America." "Why not?" asked Mr. Lang. "Why," he replied, "this is meant to be a serious scene, isn't it?" "Certainly," said Mr. Lang. "Well," continued his friend, "if you finish that speech with the words, 'Forget it, forget it,' I guess you won't find the audience taking it very seriously." He then explained that "Forget it" was a popular slang expression, meaning much the same as "Oh, rats!" or "Tommy rot!" Mr. Lang mentioned the matter to the producer at the next rehearsal, but it was not thought of sufficient importance to be taken seriously. On the first night the play was produced in New York,

paid him the magnificent salary of £1 a week for playing utility. One Saturday evening, the manager, who was also the leading actor, put up Dion Boucicault's "Grimaldi; or, the Life of an Actress," at that time a popular play in the provinces, and he cast himself for the title-rôle, and Mr. Lion for the Life Guardsman hero. In the course of the play there is a long scene in which the leading man has to tell the Life Guardsman certain incidents on which the plot depends. When that scene came, Mr. Lion discovered that the manager, who had been deflecting a portion of the salary of his leading actor to his own particular enjoyment, had reached a condition akin to speechlessness, and, as soon as the curtain rose, fell on the stage, utterly unable to go on. The young actor did not know what to do under the circumstances, and stood stock-still in the centre of the stage while the pit and gallery howled and hooted. Happily, the comedian, an experienced player, appeared, and gagging something to the effect that he had heard that his dear friend was ill, bade Mr. Lion help him take Grimaldi to his room. Together they raised the prostrate manager, and the comedian took him off, leaving Mr. Lion still on the stage to endure the audience's unflattering remarks, which he had in no way deserved. Presently the comedian shouted—"He is very ill indeed, but he says he has something weighing on his mind which he must tell you, or he will never have any rest." He then proceeded to read the inebriated actor's part from the manuscript, and in that way the necessary part of the plot was conveyed to the long-suffering audience. Mr. Lion did not remain long in the company after that incident.

Mr. Bertram Wall-isn't.

An amusing incident happened to Mr. Bertram Wallis during the last nights of "The King of Cadonia." As he left the theatre after the performance he stopped to light a cigarette, and noticed two girls standing in the shadow talking. "Oh," said one, "did you see Isabel Jay? Isn't she sweet?" "Yes," replied the other; "I saw



"THE MERRY WIDOW" ON TOUR:
MISS D. GLENNE AS SONIA.

Photograph by Bassano.

everything was going splendidly, when suddenly, as Mr. Lang came to the end of the speech and cried, "Forget it, forget it," there was an audible titter from the audience. Naturally, it startled him, and he went hot and cold all over. It was only when the curtain had fallen on the act that he realised that what his friend had anticipated had happened. Next morning in one of the daily papers a dramatic critic, well known for his caustic qualities, wrote: "Mr. Henry Vibart, a tall English actor, came on as an English Duke," and then he gave his description of Mr. Vibart. "Then another long swell came on with grease on his hair" (that was his description of Mr. Matheson Lang) "and said, 'Oh, Gawd, I love yer.' When this long gentleman shrieked at the end of a long speech, 'Forget it, forget it' we only wished we could." As Mr. Matheson Lang happens to be a Scotchman without any acquaintance with the Cockney accent, it was certainly a bad shot on the part of the critic to reproduce his pronunciation phonetically.

The Lion and the Uniform.

In his early days on the stage, some twelve years ago, Mr. Leon M. Lion—part author of "The Mobswoman" at the Playhouse, and a member of the company at His Majesty's Theatre, where "False Gods" was produced last night—joined a provincial manager who



MISS HORNIMAN'S NEW LEADING LADY: MISS GOODALL.

It will be remembered that during the summer Miss Horniman had a successful run at the Coronet with an interesting series of plays. So good was the company that her leading lady, Miss Mona Limerick, was annexed by Mr. Tree and was to have taken leading part in "False Gods" at His Majesty's.

Photograph by Bassano.

her all right. But it's Bertram Wallis I want to see. What is he really like?" "I can tell you," answered the friend. "He's very ugly off the stage: he's got a red face and he wears a wig. You can't mistake him, because he looks exactly like a pork-butcher."

FISHING FOR JACK.



THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Better Way. I suppose that by the time this is published every man, woman, and child in these fortunate islands will have read columns about Mr. Chesterton's opinions about Mr. Shaw, even if they have not all read Mr. Chesterton's book itself. I may appear to be a day after the fair. Perhaps I ought to have wired for a copy of the book to meet me at Flushing on my return from abroad, have read it in the train to London, and started writing about it immediately after dinner. Well, that is not my way of doing things. I knew the book would interest and entertain me, and I preferred to read it at my leisure and ease in the country. I have done so now, and am prepared with my maturely considered criticism. Believe me, reader, that is the better way. Both men are considerable. In a time of rather stupid writing both stand out as men with intellects, Mr. Shaw's the harder and more efficient, perhaps; Mr. Chesterton's the nimbler and subtler. In a time of rather dull writing both are brilliant. To hear the one on the other was certain to be interesting, and I was not going to scamp my enjoyment.

About and About. The only misgiving I had was a doubt if the writing of such a book was the best way in which Mr. Chesterton could improve the shining hour. It is an age of an enormous amount of criticism and appraising, and of little really original work—at least, of a good class. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Shaw (on Mr. Chesterton on Mr. Shaw), that Mr. Chesterton's work "is not that of speculating what I am here for, but of discovering and doing what he himself is here for." By this time—I can't make all the papers follow me from London—Mr. Ches-

terton may have replied to that remark by saying that the text does not signify, that in expressing his opinions of Mr. Shaw he is also expressing himself: I hope he has, since I have thought of it for him; it would be another instance of *les beaux esprits*, etc. But it won't do. The medium obscures the original thought. It may be that Mr. Chesterton does not find in himself the ability and inclination to write plays like Mr. Shaw. So far he has hardly come off as a creative artist in fiction. But England is full of wrongs and tendencies which he hates, and he is full of ideals he would like to see realised. I should like him to tackle all this—to a much greater extent than he has so far—seriously, at length, and as simply as his exuberant fancy will permit. Some of us, with our own ideas of the tendencies, wrongs, and politics of our time, are perforce dumb, more or less, because, owing to the present condition, intellectually, of editors, publishers, and managers, we lack a pulpit; but Mr. Chesterton is a popular writer with the public

ear: he can write as he chooses, and I wish he would choose less often to write of other men, living or dead, and more often of himself. This business of Mr. Chesterton on Mr. Shaw, and me (in my degree) on Mr. C. on Mr. S., is like a game of pool: "red on white, yellow's your player"—there is no significance in the colours. It is all very well for a weekly column like this, but I think it is a pity it should run into books.

But now
"N. O. I." on for my
"G. K. C." on criticisms.
"G. B. S." The book

is excellent reading, stimulating, provocative. The author's love of word-play, his constant use of familiar colloocations by upsetting their familiar significance, is as joyous and jolly as ever. His psychological narrative, so to speak, is often quite perfect in its illuminating metaphors. He quotes Mr. Shaw as saying that Shakespeare was a taller man than he, but that he stood on Shakespeare's shoulders, because he lived three centuries later, and remarks that when Mr. Shaw had discovered that Plato (who lived so much earlier) was more in sympathy with him than was Shakespeare, he "fell off Shakespeare's shoulders with a crash." That is good, very good. The time superstition, I suppose, Mr. Shaw took on as one of those Radical illusions to which English Socialists so inconsistently have been victims, like their persuasion that it is wicked to be prepared to defend England against attack. By the way, is Mr. Chesterton a Radical? The book is full of good things, though apparently Mr. Shaw does not admit that the account of his philosophy is right. But I have a general criticism to make, all the same. Mr. Chesterton starts by explaining what he means by calling Mr. Shaw an Irishman, a



NERVOUS POLICEMAN: Who's there?
BILL SIKES (with amazing nerve): Me-o-ow!
NERVOUS POLICEMAN: All right, Joe, only cats.
DRAWN BY R. JASPER WEIR.

Puritan, and a Progressive, and proceeds to trace the significance of these three main qualities in all that he has done. I do not quarrel with the method, and the "Progressive" element, I think, is soundly weighed. But I am sure he makes too much of the others. He takes Mr. Shaw's own view of the Irishman, as an ironical, cold, detached sort of person; and I let that pass. But Mr. Shaw, who is over fifty, has lived nearly all his adult life in England; and surely everybody is agreed that, as between England and Ireland, it is climate that makes the chief difference in individual characteristics. That is one consideration. As to the Puritan, there is a certain austerity about Mr. Shaw, an intolerance of grossness and idle pleasures: so there is about many Catholics—that is another consideration. But, generally, I decline to believe that a man of Mr. Shaw's parts goes through life the slave of heredity and early environment. It is really the only unkind thing in the book.

N. O. I.

A POINTED ARGUMENT.



THE HORNY-HANDED SON OF TOIL (*buying a ready-made suit and rubbing his thumb along it*): This un's so rough-like.
Ain't you got a softer kind o' cloth?

THE SALESMAN: The cloth's soft enough. You've got your thumb on the pin.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

D R. SIMPSON stood a moment at the door of Raffles' Hotel, shrugged his shoulders, and moved on. The day was very hot—hot as only a summer day in Singapore can be. The road was dusty and his throat was dry. But, at the moment, he had no use for "Raffles'." It was too big to be hospitable, and he could not be sure of meeting a friend. He knew of a small private hotel further on where the host was an acquaintance. As he walked, his eye wandered pleasantly over the green space of grass to his right, whereon some energetic fellow-countrymen were playing cricket, regardless of the heat. Beyond lay the waters of the harbour, cooling the eye. There was not a cloud in the sky. He congratulated himself on the fact that his position as ship's doctor gave him some freedom from responsibility in port. He chuckled as he thought of his fellow-officers bound to the steamer by their prosaic duties of tallying cargo, deafened by the rattle of the winches, and straining their eyes after the swinging bales. Then the sense of thirst came upon him once more, and he quickened his pace.

The building he sought stood a little back from the road. A flight of steps led to the door, which was shaded by two palm-trees standing in tubs. He entered the hall with a pleasant sense of its coolness. The matted floor was a relief to his feet. The punkahs overhead created a gentle breeze. A Chinaman in light-blue cotton came forward bowing, a hint of recognition in his eyes. He handed the man his topce.

"Boss in?" he asked.

The Chinaman bowed silently, and indicated a door upon the right. Simpson passed in. Like the hall, the room was cool in comparison with the blaze of heat outside. The blinds were drawn, and the semi-darkness was refreshing to his eyes. In a long cane-chair reclined the man he sought—an elderly man, with a high, bald forehead, upon which the blue veins stood out prominently; with long, sandy whiskers of the Dundreary type, a slack mouth, and protruding eyes. He turned these bloodshot orbs upon the newcomer, and reached for a long peg of whisky-and-soda that stood at his elbow. After moistening his throat, as though he were conducting a necessary preliminary to conversation, he greeted his guest.

"Hallo, Doc!" he said; "you here again? The *Orova* is in then? I thought she was about due. Name your poison."

Simpson threw himself into a chair.

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Anderson," he said. "I am a bit dry. I'll have what you're having."

Mr. Anderson touched a bell that stood on the small table by his side. The Chinaman appeared noiselessly.

"Number one peg, John," he said hoarsely. "Allee same bland as before. Heya!" he added, as the man turned to go. "Two pegs. I'll keep you company in another, Doctor."

They sat in lazy silence watching each other, whilst the punkahs creaked overhead. In a short time the Chinaman returned with the drink. He placed it beside them and vanished. They lifted their glasses and pledged each other without words.

"Well," said Simpson, after a decent pause, in which he rolled the cool fluid about his parched lips, "how's things?"

"Bad!" growled his host. "Damned bad! I don't know that they could be worse."

He appeared to be on the edge of a confidence. Simpson waited in silence. He looked for complaints about business, the competition of the larger hotels, and the grumbling gossip of the port. But none of these things worried Mr. Anderson at the moment.

"What the devil is it that fellow Shakespeare says," he remarked aggressively, after another pull at his liquor. "Something about toothache and thankless children? Don't you ever marry, Simpson. Don't you ever bring up a family. It's a rotten game, Sir. Absolutely rotten!"

"Ah, by the way," said Simpson, "that reminds me. You were expecting your son back from England when I was here last. Has he come?"

"You bet he has," said Anderson unamiably. "That's what I'm talking about."

"You're disappointed in him then?" asked Simpson guardedly.

"That's a pity."

"Disappointed!" growled his host, half-rising from his chair in his excitement. "It isn't the word, Sir. Look here, Doc! I scraped and saved for that lad! I sent him to England when he was twelve. It was the last thing I promised his mother. She was always set on it; and when she died she made me promise. And I kept that promise. I said, 'The lad shall have a good education. He shall go to the Old Country and learn what England is and what England means. He shall be a man of the world—a man able to look any man in the face and say, "I'm an Englishman. Who the devil are you?"' That's what I said; and I did it, too. I sent him home to a first-rate school. And what do you think they've made of him?"

"What?" asked Simpson, smiling.

"A milksop, by gad!" said Anderson, with a snarl—"an infernal milksop! By the Lord, Sir, they've sent him back to me a pasty-faced fool that couldn't say 'Boo' to a goose; with a mouth that butter wouldn't melt in, and a blue ribbon in his buttonhole. He doesn't drink, and I don't suppose he'd look at a woman—too frightened, I expect. He puts on high and mighty airs with the company that come here. He's driven one or two of them away already. I think he'd give 'em tracts if he thought of it. And that's the lad I gave a good education to and looked to find a help in. That's what his education has done for him—taught him to despise his old father and to cut his father's friends! And you talk of disappointment!"

He pounded the little table heavily with his fist. The liquor in the glass leaped up and splashed about the brim. Simpson muttered a few words of discreet sympathy.

"See here," pursued his host, too full of his grievances to suffer interruption. "Only two evenings ago there were some folks in here. Captain Hoskins was telling a yarn. You know Hoskins. You met him when he was here last. Well, he's a rum cuss. Seen some rough things in his time. He was telling us about a Chinaman who had kicked up a row on his boat. He's on the Manilla run, you know. Well, Hoskins wasn't to be trifled with. He kicked that Chinaman down the companion and pounded a bit of sense into him; had to break three of his ribs doing it. Well, he was telling the yarn as he can tell it—and infernally funny it was—and my young hero gets up and says, 'You're a disgrace to the name of Englishman, you are. And I'm ashamed to be seen sitting in the same room with you.' And out he marches with his head in the air. The folks who were here stared. Well they might. Hoskins got to his feet, finished his drink, and went off without a word. He hasn't been here since, and it's odds he doesn't come. And who's to blame him? Pretty treatment for a gentleman in this bar, ain't it!"

"I tell you what you might do, Doc," he continued, as Simpson sat silent. "You might speak to him if you get the chance. You've knocked about a bit, and you know what's what. You can tell him that these milksop ideas of his won't do out East. Tell him he ought to honour his father and not be so chock-full of his own self-righteousness. Tell him what that fellow Kipling says—that there ain't no Ten Commandments out here, so he needn't make a fuss about breaking them. Anyhow, make a man of him. You're the man to do it—if you will do it?"

He took another gulp of the whisky-and-soda and choked over it in his haste. His bloodshot eyes and forehead swollen with protruding veins made of him a most unreverend spectacle. Simpson coughed awkwardly.

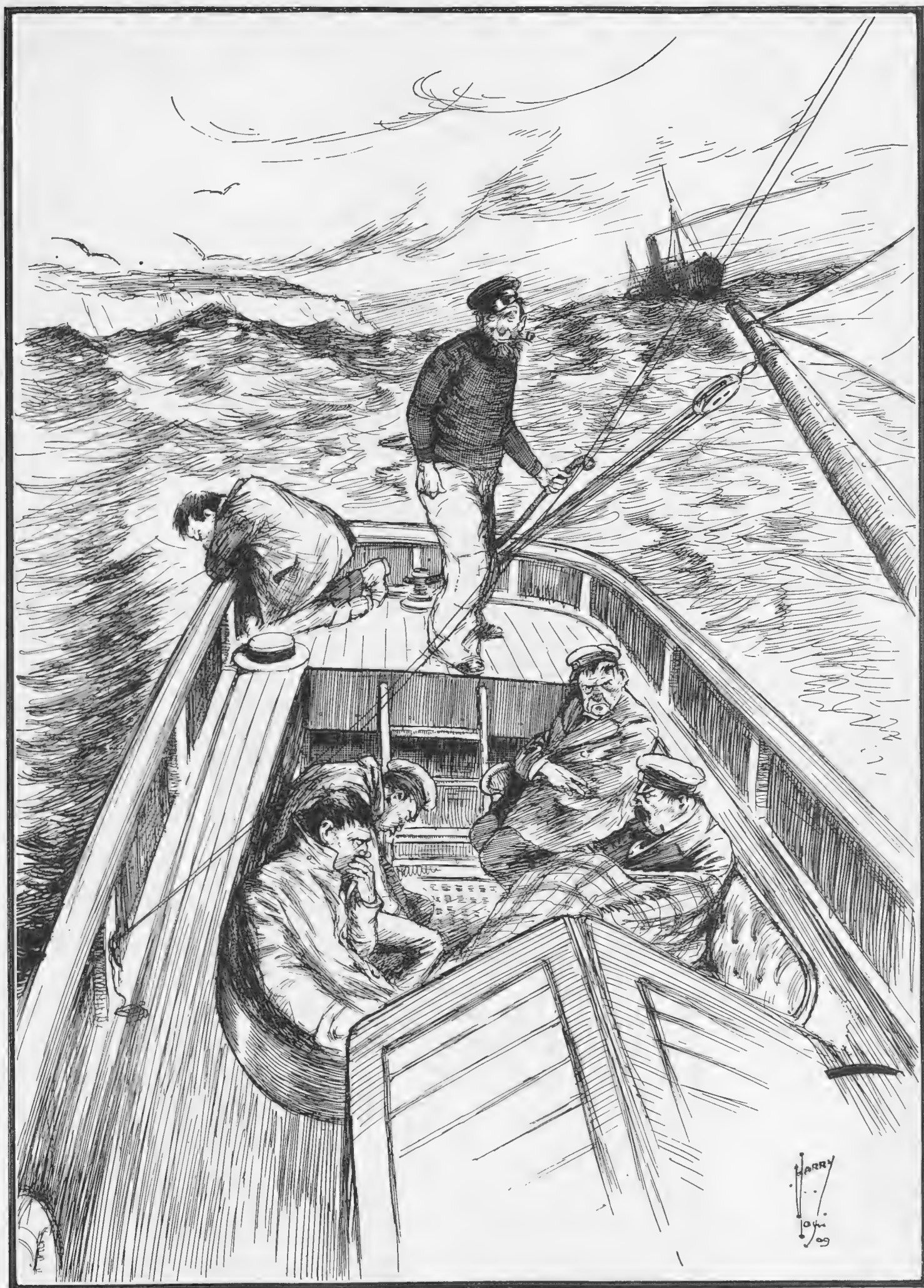
"It isn't any real business of mine," he said; "but seeing it's you, I'll have a word with him if I get the chance."

"That's it," growled Anderson, "just give him a gentle hint. Tell him he's making a blazing fool of himself. By the Lord!" he continued, listening, "he's here."

A light step in the hall grew louder, and Simpson, looking up with interest, saw a tall, slender young fellow with a high forehead and clear eyes enter the room. He had a kind of boyish shyness about him that was pleasantly attractive. But a slight puckering of his forehead spoke of worries out of place in one so young. He was dressed in white drill and evidently felt the heat, for he sat down in a chair wearily and passed his hand across his forehead. His father regarded him without favour,

[Continued overleaf.]

A SICKENING DEBATE — BUT NOT ON “LAND VALUE.”



OLD SALT (*still talking*): It's fair sickenin' this 'ere Budget. What wi' beer up an' whisky up, we'll soon have everything up. Don't it make ye feel sick? (*No answer from very unwell trippers. Then, in accusing tone*) An' it ain't no laughin' matter neither.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.

"Hallo!" he said ungraciously, "where have you been?"

"I've been by the harbour," answered the lad; "it's cooler down by the water."

"Mooning about looking at the ships," grumbled the elder. "This is Dr. Simpson of the *Orowa*, just in. A friend of mine. Dr. Simpson—my son Tom."

He waved his arm perfunctorily in introduction.

"I'm afraid you are tired," said Simpson, looking kindly at the young man. "I'm sorry; for I must be getting back to the ship, and I should have been glad of your company on the way down. I'd have asked you to spend an hour or two on board with me—"

The lad rose at once.

"I'm not tired," he said cheerfully; "I felt the heat a bit, that's all. I'll come with you now if you like."

"You go," growled his father; "do you good."

Simpson took his leave of the old gentleman and they passed out together into the strong glare of sunlight. For a few moments they walked in silence. The lad had relapsed into a kind of quiet shyness very difficult to break through. Simpson, glancing aside at him, decided that he liked him and was interested. After a pause, he spoke.

"How do you like the life out here?" he asked. "Rather different from England, isn't it?"

"Oh, I like it," answered the youth hurriedly. "It is different, of course; but I like it."

"Your father was saying that you didn't quite hit it off with some of his friends," said Simpson as diplomatically as he could. "No doubt when you know them better you'll like them more."

"I hope not!" said the lad with sudden intensity.

"Eh?" said Simpson, startled. "But why? Don't tell me if you'd rather not," he added hastily; "it's no business of mine, of course. I don't want to intrude."

They walked on in silence. They passed through the crowded streets of the town and came out upon the long, dusty road that leads to the Tanjong Pagar Wharf and the shipping. Simpson had an uneasy feeling that he had gone too far; that he had startled the lad and had closed the way for further confidences. But in this he was mistaken. The boy's soul craved for self-revelation, and he was making up his mind to unburden it. Suddenly he spoke.

"I will tell you," he said.

"You look as though you would understand. I don't care about the place or the people who come to it. It's all so different from what I looked forward to; from what I hoped for. It's different from the life I led over there." He waved his hand towards the west. "They drink too much as a rule," he went on. "And they say things that no decent man could stand. I can't stand them."

Simpson nodded.

"They're rather a rough crowd," he admitted. "But they may have their good points all the same. And, anyhow, as you've got to live your life among them, it might be worth while to try and put up with them."

"If I could get back—back to England," said the boy, flushing, "I'd like to try to make my way there. I could be a clerk—anything. You see, there's another thing." He paused, and his face became scarlet. "There's someone over there whom I think a good deal of; someone I'd like to think well of me."

"Her name being?" asked Simpson incautiously.

"How do you know it's a girl?" asked the youth quickly.

"My dear fellow," said Simpson, smiling, "it always is a girl. I beg your pardon for asking her name. It slipped out. Are you engaged to her?"

"Not exactly engaged," replied the lad, blushing. "Still, I think we understood each other. She was the sister of a school-fellow of mine—a wonderfully nice girl! I told her the last time I saw her that I should come back when I was able. I couldn't say more then, because, you see, I didn't know how things might turn out. I thought, perhaps, if they had turned out differently I might have written to her asking her to come out."

"Yes, yes," said Simpson thoughtfully. He was beginning to see the reason of the lad's refusal to settle down in his new surroundings. "You might certainly have done that."

"I've got a photograph of her here," said the lad, after another pause. Now that the ice was broken he was full of the subject, and was not to be turned aside. "Perhaps you might care to see it?"

Without waiting for an answer, he took the photograph from a pocket-book, and held it shyly towards his companion, his eyes shining with eagerness for the anticipated praise of the beauty of his beloved. Simpson took it and looked at it. It was just an ordinary photograph of a pretty girl in evening dress, with soft lace falling about her neck and shoulders. In the lower corner was written the name "Lily Dean," and a date a year old. He stared at it with growing suspicion.

"That doesn't do her justice," explained the boy eagerly; "it was taken about the time I saw her last. But she's pretty, isn't she?"

"Very pretty," said Simpson slowly. "But, my dear fellow, I happen to know her. In fact, she's a passenger on my ship, the ship we are going to now. She has come out bound for Hong Kong. She's—well, she's with her husband. He's the manager of the bank there. They were married just before they sailed."

He looked studiously at the photograph. He did not care to turn aside lest he might see the boy's face.

"Of course, if I'd the least doubt of it, I shouldn't have mentioned it," he said quickly. "But I haven't. I've seen this very photograph in her cabin. I attended her on the way out. She told me her name before she married—Lily Dean. She married a man called Johnstone—a tall, dark fellow with long moustaches."

"Yes," said the lad, with a curiously dry voice. "Yes, I remember him."

"If you care to come down to the ship, you'll meet them," said Simpson. "I daresay she'll be glad to see you again."

The boy stopped and stood still.

"No," he said slowly, "I don't think I'll go, thanks. The fact is—I'm feeling the heat rather more than I thought. I think I'll get back to the hotel."

Simpson made no effort to detain him. He watched him turn and go back towards the town, a lonely, white-clad figure on the dusty road.

It was three months before Simpson returned to Singapore and to the hotel where he had left his host drinking in his deck-chair. The old gentleman greeted him uproariously.

"Doc!" he cried, "I've been wanting to see you—wanting to thank you. What you said to that lad of mine, goodness only knows. But since he met you he's a changed man. A changed man, by gad! He can drink any man who comes here under the table. Old Captain Hoskins was telling me the other day that the boy was a bit too much even for him when it came to a bit of devilry. He's a hard case, Sir—a hard case! I'm proud of him, and I'm proud of what you've done for him. He's a regular chip of the old block, Sir—a chip of the old block. That's what he is, and you're the man who's made him."

He rang the bell for whisky.

THE END.



BOY SCOUT ON OUTPOST DUTY.

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Ship of Youth. Every route of travel across the Channel has its special note, its peculiar idiosyncrasy. From Calais to Dover you jog elbows with Ambassadors and detectives, with Jewish financiers and elderly peeresses. By Dieppe and Newhaven cross the economically inclined: schoolmasters, retired military men, governesses, family parties from Switzerland, and London dress-makers who go to Paris once a year. The Havre-Southampton boats are largely patronised by meek-faced nuns in full religious costume. But the steamers which ply from St. Malo to Southampton seem to carry no traveller over thirty-five, and they may be called the Ships of Youth. You may search the decks high and low, and you will not find an elderly passenger. Do no old folks ever go to Brittany, I wonder? If so, they do not travel by this route. The travellers are made up of battalions of tweed-coated young Britons, armed with golf-clubs and tennis-racquets; of somewhat pert children of all ages and sizes; and of ladies in enormous hats and gauzy veils, who are ever young and ever fair. The toilettes are sometimes a trifle gaudy, but saucy shoes, rose-crowned hats, pink veils, and immaculate white gloves—the chief coquetry of cross-Channel travel—add not a little to the gaiety of the morning scene on Southampton Water. And I take off my travelling-cap to the heroic ladies who

have the courage to put on all this finery after the vicissitudes of a turbulent night below.

London Again. The town,

on that Sunday morning in early September, had a strange and joyous beauty as I whirled over Waterloo Bridge. How dazzling was the long line of palaces on the Embankment, set in emerald-green trees and topped by an azure sky! What a rippling, silver river! what clean, white streets! what neat, straw-hatted Sunday wayfarers and holiday-makers! There is no doubt that London is become an amazingly beautiful city, and small wonder that every year, in September, she is temporarily turned into an American town, and that foreigners in increasing numbers direct their travel to England and her capital. This monster London of ours is becoming the Mecca of the world. She is the great lodestone: once here, you cannot deny her fascination, so much so that persons who have come to stay sixteen days have often lengthened their sojourn into sixteen years. Even such former Anglophobes as M. Pierre Loti have lately been converted into idolaters of the vast city astride the Thames. For if London is not, like Paris, "well planned," she has not

admirers captive in half-a-hundred different ways. And so it is that, like such a woman, London never palls and never bores.

The Bankruptcy of Literature.

one thing they do not want, and that is Literature. The respective suicide and financial failure of two well-known poets (one a dramatist whose pieces were played with much *réclame* at important London theatres) emphasise the fact that there is not even a modest living to be made out of the higher branches of the author's craft. Within a few days, two much-read women novelists have publicly announced their intention of withdrawing from the literary arena, and of devoting themselves to house-decoration or auction-bridge. If even successful women-writers are crying off, parlous times must be ahead of those who are just commencing author, and these tyros may be earnestly counselled to turn their attention to French gardening, aviation, Swedish massage, and other fashionable professions likely to bring more grist to the mill. The modern poet or writer of tragedy must be content with a bare platter.

Lear's Tactless Daughters.

Mr. Herbert Trench has scored a remarkable artistic success in the production of a little-seen tragedy, "King Lear," and has incidentally opened up that most modern of all problems—the attitude of Youth towards Old Age. I should like to have Mr. George Bernard Shaw's candid opinion on the somewhat unreasonable behaviour of this ancient British King. It is true the age of Shakespeare was not a sceptical and critical age, but still the personages of his dramas exhibit a child-like gullibility. They always believe, without evidence, everything they are told. Gross flattery is pleasing to them, and they fly into violent rages and tantrums on the flimsiest evidence. In this weird and stormy drama, with its amazing "atmosphere" of tragedy, all the elders are played upon by the younger characters as they will. Gloucester is not senile, yet he believes all the villain Edmund tells him. Lear, through vanity and ungovernable temper, quarrels with his only friend and discards his only honest daughter. All three young women, it is true, exhibit an extraordinary lack of tact. Everyone knows that, in English families, our national idiosyncrasies prevent that ideal domesticity which enables puerile Age and arrogant Youth to live harmoniously under one roof. Still, in modern times, Regan and Goneril would have made concessions, nor would Cordelia have been quite so plain-spoken. In "Père Goriot," Balzac has treated the same subject from the egotistical standpoint of the nineteenth century; it would be interesting to have the most modern attitude of all towards this problem. It is notorious that Count Tolstoy cannot endure "King Lear"; I wonder what Mr. John Galsworthy or M. André Gide would make of his story?



[Copyright.]
A HIGH-NECKED DINNER-BLOUSE OF LACE
AND CHIFFON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-Back-in-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]
A BLUE-SERGE COAT AND SKIRT TRIMMED
WITH BLACK BRAID AND BUTTONS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-Back-in-Town" page.)

the machine-made look so characteristic of modern Paris, but has, on the contrary, the air of rising, leisurely and haphazard, out of green parks and verdant spaces. Moreover, with her fickle climate and ever-changing atmosphere, London is like an alluring woman who knows how to change her beauty and hold her

THE WOMAN BACK IN TOWN.

Autumn Fashions.

When heather and the springy turf of seaside golf-links have been the accustomed walking-grounds, London streets leave something to be desired in the way of comfort. Some of the shop windows afford much in the way of consolation, and if our soles are weary still our eyes are glad. The new colours for the autumn are, by way of paradox, old. That is to say that the faded or subdued tints of bright hues which began with pale shades in the summer have been continued in our next, and appear more decisively in the darker and richer autumn hues. There are old mauve, and woad red, and vert paradis and other tints, which are old friends with veiled faces. Coats are being built with long skirts still, and to indicate the waist-line more clearly. Hats are still of varied dimensions and innumerable shapes. That, however, which seems most prominently in favour is a liberal version of an Oriental turban in soft velvet, such as I mentioned last week. In view of the American calls at the North Pole, we may expect polar fashions in fur caps later on. At present we are pretending that we have had summer and are in autumn.

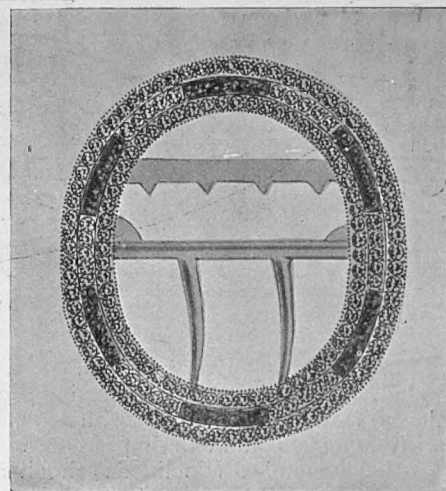
The Hatpin Peril.

Someone said the other day that the revolution of woman had opened man's eyes to the fact that she goes about armed. Several deadly daggers are always lodged in our heads when our hats are on. They are not concealed weapons by any means. Even if the business ends are not protruding, seeking whom they may spit, there are always the hilts to be seen; usually large, always intended to be ornamental. So far these weapons have inflicted only accidental injuries; should they be resorted to in actual warfare the casualties could not fail to be severe. It was therefore in the interests of humanity that I went to the Women's Exhibition at Olympia yesterday to look at the substitutes for hatpins—the Hope Bandeau and the Victoria Grip. The first is the invention of Lady Hope, whose coffee-stalls for servants waiting outside houses where big entertainments were in progress developed into a club for men-servants. It is a spring bandeau sewn inside the hat; the ends, which are left loose, spring closely round the back of the head. It is quite simple, and I should say effective—I have not tried mine yet—in any but a most violent gale. I cannot embark on a description of the Victoria Grip. Once established, an earthquake or an explosion would fail to part it from the locks below. The Matinée is doomed if it becomes usual, for it seemed to me that to put it into the hat and the hat on the head meant time and talent expenditure. I was much amused to read in one of the papers that no well-dressed woman ever used more than one hatpin, and that precisely the right size for her hat. If this be so, there is a paucity of well-dressed women. Jewelled-headed pins are used, and hats are of vastly differing size. Well-dressed women seek to ambush their pin-points in trimmings. Even in this their success is doubtful.

To-day's Princess.

It was said of the Duke of Fife that he was an Earl and a Duke and a bridegroom within a very few minutes. Miss Anita Stewart, who is being married at the little grey town of Dingwall to-day, will be a

Miss and a Princess and a bride within a few minutes. The letters-patent conferring on her the style and title of Princess in her own right will be handed to her by the aged Bishop of Aberdeen when he has administered the nuptial rite. She will be Princess by patent and by marriage. A pretty, elegant, smart-looking girl, she is the only child of an immensely wealthy mother. Prince Miguel and his parents



A DIAMOND-AND-ENAMEL BUCKLE.

This elegant buckle, of enamel and diamonds, is made by the Parisian Diamond Company, of 85, New Bond Street; 143, Regent Street; and 37, 38, and 43, Burlington Arcade, W.

live in Lower Austria, and it is to the Austrian Court that the new Princess will go, and at which she will rank as a Royal Highness, but not as an Imperial Archduchess. She was about in London during the past season, her mother, Mrs. James Henry Smith, having taken the Duke of Somerset's house in Grosvenor Square. Mrs. Smith is Mrs. Anthony Drexel's sister, and through her second husband, who died on board Mr. Drexel's yacht during his honeymoon, she inherited vast wealth, accumulated by the millionaire known as Chicago Smith.

Doncaster Dresses.

Fashions at Doncaster are never new. The most one hopes for is that a few of the latest hats may be seen. It is too early for novelty in dress. The Parisian creators are not ready yet. If the weather be warm and genial for the Northern Meeting we see there the best survivals of the summer. If, as this year, it is cold and uncertain, dress is the smartest of what women call their country clothes. Therefore there were many old friends in true and tried coats and skirts to be seen, and very well they looked in them. A well-bred-looking man is quite at his best in an old, well-cut, and well-made shooting-suit. It may be said of British women that they wear serge and tweed and cloth coats and skirts with an air that makes these garments always acceptable. Lady Savile was one day in a neat dress of black cloth, with a black hat trimmed with faded magenta ostrich-feathers; the Marchioness of Londonderry wore a black-cloth coat and skirt, with a slight relief of raspberry-coloured velvet and embroidery, and a black hat with pink roses. The Duchess of Roxburghe wore her favourite colour, blue. It was of a subtle shade between peacock and sapphire, and her hat, to correspond, had in its one long skirt were of blue serge, with a touch of cranberry-red embroidery. Countess Fitzwilliam also wore blue serge, and a black tricorne hat with a white aigrette, which admirably suited her small, pale, pretty face, lighted up with large, soft dark eyes. There are race-meetings which are dressy, and others which, however socially distinguished, are not. Part of the "knowledge of the ropes" of Englishwomen lies in keeping this unwritten law, and others similar. Doncaster, however smart, is not dressy; it comes at the wrong season for smart new fashions.

Autumn Outfits.

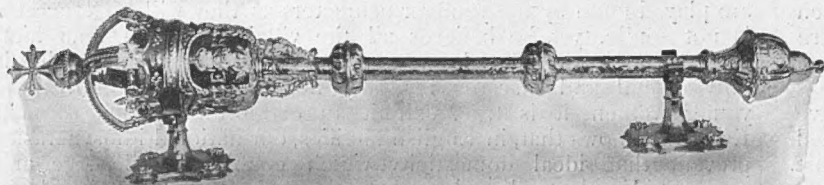
On Woman's Ways page a drawing will be found of a smart and serviceable blue-serge coat and skirt trimmed with black braid and buttons. On the same page a high-necked dinner-bouise is illustrated. It is of lace and chiffon, and is very useful for hotel and restaurant dining, at home or abroad.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST TIPS: MR. JOSEPH LYONS, THE FAMOUS CATERER.

Mr. Joseph Lyons has done more for the cause of popular catering in London than perhaps any other man, and "Lyons" has become a household word. Among other excellent reforms he is waging war on the iniquitous system of tips, his latest forward movement in this direction being a frontal attack on the Strand, in the shape of the magnificent new Strand Palace Hotel, where tips are banned by the regulations. In the above photograph Mr. Lyons is seen in his uniform as Deputy Lieutenant for London.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



"TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE": THE SPECIAL MACE FOR THE NEW ZEALAND PARLIAMENT.

Sir Joseph Ward took back with him to New Zealand recently the special mace for the New Zealand Parliament. It is of solid silver heavily water-gilt, and is modelled on the historic one in the House of Commons. The work was carried out by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, the well-known makers of cups, caskets, and trophies.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 27.

THE BANK RETURN, AND OTHER THINGS.

THE Bank Return was a very strong one, showing a reserve of nearly twenty-nine and a half millions and coin and bullion of over forty millions. The market generally regards it as pointing to the continuance of cheap money till towards the end of the year at least. Some months ago, we said in this column that speculating in the American Market was gambling on Mr. Harriman's health, and the fluctuations of the market since then have proved that our words pretty well expressed the situation; but, fortunately for everybody, the poor millionaire's illness has been protracted and his death over-discounted, while, above all, there has been ample time for the big Yankee financiers to make the necessary arrangements for preventing any slump. How far the firmness which has characterised the market since Thursday is due to such support is difficult to say, but we are by no means sure that the real effect of the Railway King's death has yet made itself felt.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Yes, that's not bad," laughed The Jobber; "but I know a better one than that. One dark night——"

The door opened suddenly, and in came a portly gentleman, with hat-box, Gladstone, and various other articles almost as numerous as those of the Church of England.

The unwelcome guest took out a pipe, borrowed some matches, and started to smoke. Presently first one, then another of our friends started coughing.

There is nothing annoys a hardened smoker more than to betray by coughing that any tobacco is too strong for him.

"Terrible lot of influenza about," observed The Jobber at last. "Accompanied generally by a racking cough, I believe, when it reaches its worst stages."

The smoker smoked on.

"My wife says she's afraid one of the kiddies is sickening for diphtheria," said The Broker. "Poor little beggar coughs like——" and he showed them how.

"You give him one of these," said the smoker, producing a bottle of pellets. "My great-grandmother is a chronic sufferer from typhoid, and we always give her one of these, or an egg to suck, when a bad fit comes on. She had one last evening, and had to stop at my house for the night."

After this they let him alone, and talked American Market, punctuated with coughs.

"I see the newspapers are making rather a fuss about the chance of money getting dearer, and threatening American Rails with slumps in consequence thereof," The Engineer observed.

"There's no panic coming just yet," The Broker told them.

"Might be a bad tumble," reflected The City Editor. "We have been saying in our paper that the time is ripe for a fall."

"What's the right age for Americans to marry?" demanded The Jobber.

The smoker laughed aloud, but immediately apologised.

"American Rails are to my mind sufficiently high," said The Banker, "although I admit that that is no reason whatever why prices should not become still more exalted."

"The better things to gamble in are Canadas and Grand Trunks," commented The Engineer. "Trunks especially will go higher."

"I like a speculation nearer home," admitted The Merchant.

"Now don't go and ram Home Railways down our throats," pleaded The Jobber. "I'm sick of hearing that Home Rails are cheap. The prices always go down, and the market's as weak as water."

"I don't know so much about that," maintained The Merchant. "Take Midland Deferred——"

"Take Hope deferred, and see what——"

"Never mind," interrupted The Merchant hastily. "Take it as said. But I stick to my guns."

"I should," The City Editor advised him. "You were hopelessly wrong over Vickers——"

"Who could have foreseen the huge naval programmes of our own and other Governments?" came the indignant answer. "I know Vickers have gone up, but I still say the shares are overpriced, and ought to be sold."

"Possibly they ought, now," agreed The City Editor. "But you said——"

The smoker blew volumes of smoke, and both windows were slammed down vindictively.

"There's another thing that's too high, and that's Imperial Tobacco shares," said The Engineer. "Holders should take their fine profits, and put the money into 5 per cent. foreign Government bonds."

"I don't object to tobacco," complained The Broker; "but I do think——"

"Try a pipeful of this, Sir," offered the stranger. "This, I venture to say, is tobacco. It's not like the stuff some people smoke."

The Broker strangled his obvious retort, and declined the shag

with elaborate politeness. "I have left my pipe at home," said he untruthfully.

"I've known men chew it," continued the guest, serenely unconscious of The Jobber's desperate attempts to stifle his mirth.

However, The Banker rescued the situation by saying he thought the present fashion of buying foreign Government bonds was a very prudent one. "It's better than mortgages," he added.

"I know a director of a big Insurance Company who says they won't look at mortgages now, unless something exceptionally tempting comes along."

"That so? Good for us," said The Broker.

"What they are doing is to buy blocks of good American bonds, ship them over to New York, and re-invest the coupons over there so as to save income tax."

"Artful dodgers!" cried The Jobber. "I should never have thought of that myself."

"I don't suppose you would," said The City Editor affably.

There are times when a man does not expect his friends to agree with him, and The Jobber looked red.

"I'd rather buy Home Rails, to pay 4½ per cent. on the money, with the chance of improved dividends, than Yankee bonds which yield 4 per cent. and can't move," declared The Merchant.

"For the ordinary investor South African banking shares are as shrewd a purchase as you will find," The Banker told them. The new union of the States, the steady improvement in the conditions in South Africa, and the advance of the mining industry are factors that will operate most advantageously for the banks."

"Can any of you gentlemen oblige me with a light?" said the smoker. "I'm afraid——"

"I'm just going to myself," said The Jobber, wilfully mistaking him, and opening the door. "Can I assist you, or shall I call a porter?"

The smoker gathered his things together in a mystified sort of way, and obediently followed The Jobber on to the platform.

The others sat still, speechless, but as the train started to move off The City Editor beckoned to The Jobber.

"What have you done?" he demanded in a loud whisper.

"Helped him to a-light," was the reply. "Get out of the way. I'm coming back again."

Saturday, Sept. 11, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

JEWELRY.—The report and accounts must now be in your hands. We are sorry that we were unable to obtain information prior to its issue.

PLANTER PAL.—The question of whether plantation rubber is as good as wild rubber is a matter for experts; but it is fetching a higher price than wild rubber, which does not look as if it were inferior. Shares in the following might suit you: Bandar Sumatra, Eastern Trust, Jeram, North Borneo Trading, Stagbrook.

CIVIS.—Cloverfields fell on water getting into the mine, and it is expected that it will take two or three months to get it out. Gedulds we think a good gambling counter. North Randfontein is a new Company, which we believe to be all right. West Rands seem high enough.

J. J. C.—With regard to the Bank, undoubtedly price, dividends, and profits have all been reduced because of the bad trade through which the country has been passing. The price may go lower, but both price and profits are certain to recover as soon as there is a real trade revival.

W. C.—Rietfontein has a long life, and returns are beginning to show some improvement. Bantje we think a good gamble and quick to respond to whatever the market tendencies of the moment chance to be.

SENCHAL.—The difficulty with Lancefields has been the intractable nature of the ore, which has defied, so far, all efforts to treat it properly. There is plenty of ore there, and of payable value, but hitherto the extraction has been a failure, and the question is whether a process can be found which will get the gold out of the ore.

W. R.—(1) The Insurance Company is doing very well, but the insurance of motor-cars can hardly be considered a safe business. (2) The Bank we think a good and improving investment. (3) The exchange you suggest appears to us a good one, as long as you understand you will have to wait for dividends until nearly the end of next year.

SUBSCRIBER.—(1) To give a list of the holdings of the Company would occupy far too much space, embracing nearly all the good things on the Rand, but amongst the shares held are very large blocks of Rose Deep, Crown Deep, Glen Deep, Nourse Mines, Langlaagte Deep, Ferreira Deep, and many others. We think the shares are worth their present price. For the last twelve months the dividend has been 15s. on the shares, which are of the nominal value of 5s. each. (2) The Trust Preference Stock is a very high-class investment. The fall is merely due to the fact that there was a block of stock for sale and a very limited market.

H. H.—Thanks for your letter. We regret the mistake, which was made in the absence of the City Editor on his vacation. Your figures are, of course, the correct ones.

AASVOGEL.—Very difficult to advise. If Kafirs revive, all your shares will move up. We like your shares pretty well in the order you have written them.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Ayr, Peter Pan may win the Stewards' Plate; Scotch Gift the West of Scotland Foal Stakes; Sir Harry the Ayrshire Handicap; and Melayr the Gold Cup. At Yarmouth, Delirium may win the Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap, and Vale the Great Yarmouth Two-Year-Old Plate; Fraxinus may win the Durham Handicap. At Manchester, Submit may win the Prince Edward Handicap; Amore the Lancashire Nursery; and Sunbath the Autumn Plate. Orquil may win the Autumn Handicap at Hurst Park, and Magneto may capture the Stewards' Nursery.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Smiths of Valley View."By KEBLE HOWARD.
(Cassell.)

Humour is the salvation of the commonplace, although there is a certain sense of humour that alienates its owner from intercourse with the everyday world he lives in. It is easier to smile and pass on, sometimes, than to keep a grave face in the presence of the grotesquely unfortunate. These remarks, however, do not apply to Mr. Keble Howard, whose sense of humour is not only keen, but kindly, and whose sympathy amounts to a talent in his portrayal of "The Smiths of Valley View." These are, of course, our friends—everybody's friends—the Smiths of Surbiton, in a second chronicle of the family. As Mr. Howard says in his introductory open letter, "it is so conventional to scoff at the suburbs that the unimaginative take it for granted that any work with the name of 'Smith' or 'Surbiton' in the title must necessarily depend for success on the old-fashioned treatment"—which is, we need hardly say, to regard the suburban character as a satirical figure, and the novel dealing with his life as pitched upon a jeering note. It needs no small courage, in the face of this convention, to write the simple story of the Smiths as they deserve that it should be written. Here it is told sincerely, in the vein of happy comedy; a light, lively study of a people peculiarly British, essentially virtuous, and neither as stolid nor as pharisaical as these conditions would lead the superficial observer to prognosticate. Perhaps the word "study" has an alarming sound; but "The Smiths of Valley View" is scarcely a novel, and is a good deal more than a string of pleasant sketches. We are not sure that the future historian of the English will not find it necessary to refer to Mr. Howard's books.

"The Bride."By GRACE RHYS.
(Methuen.)

"The Bride" is an uncommonly serious novel. It would be overweighted by its own earnestness if it did not provide so much matter for interest in the psychology of Esther Carey. Miss Grace Rhys, for all her absorption in the struggle of the individual, shows her ability in the small touches—almost unconsciously, we think, presented—of the femininity of her central figure. It is the rarest thing to find a woman giving a catholic account of womanhood. Her own standpoint almost inevitably biases her. Hetty Sorrel was the creation of a great genius; but George Eliot left something out of the composition, the subtlety an intellectual woman fails to appreciate in the butterfly, and that lies below the little primitive vanities and yearnings, just as she left it out of Dinah's noble portrait. Thomas Hardy knows how to indicate

it; Meredith knew; Henry James knows, when he lets his knowledge slip. And here we have a woman writer whose technique is very often faulty, who has curious lapses of matter-of-factness, who has tried to write a commonplace story and very nearly succeeded, ranging herself beside these masters. The net result is a tantalising novel, which will be extraordinarily interesting to those for whom the pursuit of the elusive has its own delight. Esther's story may be outlined in a few words. She was the daughter of a dishonourable bankrupt, whose ruin and death drove his wife and child out from their comfortable country home to fight an adverse fate in London. The battle is ineffectively described: you hardly hear the clash of Esther's struggle for employment. What you see with absolute certainty is the trivialities that matter so much to sensitive women—the woolly mats in the lodgings, the terrible familiarity of the landlady. Miss Rhys has spent much labour upon Esther, the awakened woman, roused by her own suffering to love for her unfortunate fellow-men; but it is the Esther of these touches who moves us to the larger admiration. She is a character of whom any novelist might well be proud.

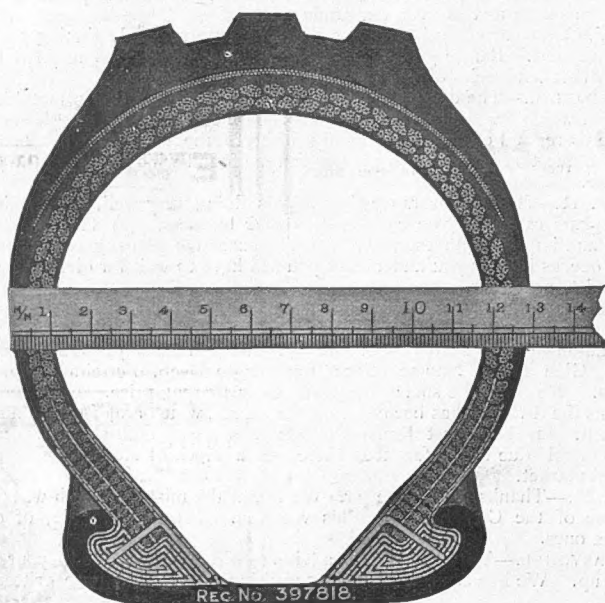
"Avenging Children."By MARY E. MANN.
(Methuen.)

Mrs. Mann will be suspected of writing "Avenging Children" for a moral purpose, as an awful warning to fathers. The admonition comes a little late in the day, for this is not the era of the domestic tyrant, and Mr. Blore plainly belongs to the mid-Victorian period assigned to him. He was a person who ought to have been chloroformed in the interests of his family; but his first wife having succumbed to his bluster, and his second wife being impervious, his intolerable dominance was suffered by his daughter, and she, poor soul, could merely pit against it a feeble cunning that availed her little in the long run. We must confess we looked hopefully for the manslaughter of Mr. Blore, and should have had a higher opinion of Ronald Love, the patient lover of Grace, if he had treated the old ruffian to the physical punishment he deserved. Ronald was at a double disadvantage in his wooing, being supported by the thunders of Mr. Blore, and opposed by his own half-brother Alfred, who was apparently the sort of barber's-block beauty who was irresistible to the fair sex in the 'sixties. There is no little art displayed in the quiet telling of this story, and it gives a realistic picture of a time, only a generation away, that is already strangely remote even to those who were born and bred in it. The arrogant confidence of its Englishman has gone, a departure to be regretted, on the ground that a stout heart wins many a battle; but that the maiden of Grace Blore's condition has vanished with it might be made a matter for national rejoicing.

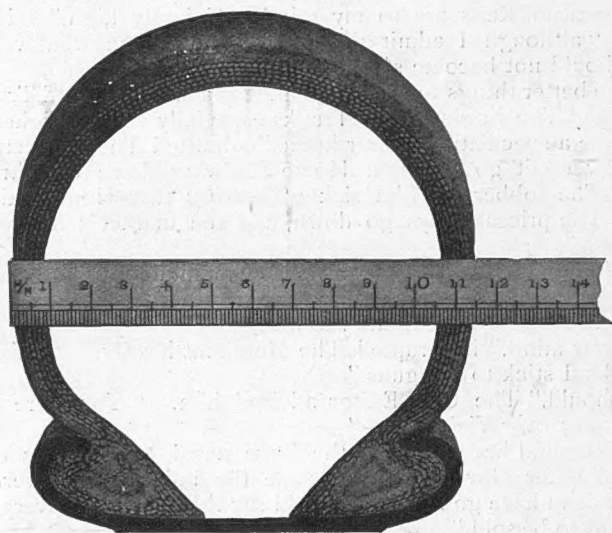
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